The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1928 No. 3275

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 393
EDITORIALS:
- What About the Democrats? 396
- Mr. Morrow and Mexico 397
- This Is Not News 397
- A Music Merger 398

IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN. By Heywood Broun 399
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES—VII. CHARLES CURTIS. By Oswald Garrison Villard 400
THE OIL INDUSTRY WAKES UP—A LITTLE. By George Ward Stocking 402
THIS IS WAR, GENTLEMEN! By Carleton Beals 404
ETIENNE CLEMENTEL. By Livingston MacDonald 406
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 407
CORRESPONDENCE 408
BOOKS AND PLAYS:
- Grandmother. By Kwei Chen 410
- First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 410
- Santayana's Roots. By Eliseo Vivas 410
- Penology and Publicity. By Lorine Pruette 411
- A Hyphenate Passional. By William Seagle 412
- The Tale of Terror. By Oral Sumner Coad 413
- Negro Portraiture. By Alain Locke 414
- Fiction Shorts. By C. P. F. 414
- China Books in Brief. By L. S. G. 414
- Drama. By J. W. K., R. L., M. G. 415

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- The Deadlock in India. By G. T. Garratt 416

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
LEWIS S. GANNETT
DOROTHY GRAFFE VAN DOREN

ARTHUR WARNER, MANAGING EDITOR — JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, LITERARY EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY — MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON — LUDWIG LEWISOHN — H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS — HEYWOOD BROUN — CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 13, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

THE SUDDEN DEATH of Senator Willis removes a favorite-son candidate, but not a serious contender for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. It cannot be said that he was a great man, or even a great orator, though he had one of the most powerful voices ever possessed by a human being, one that made voice amplifiers unnecessary under all conditions. But he was popular in his State with the temperance forces, and with many of the good people of Main Street whose spokesman he was. It is too soon to tell what the effect will be upon Mr. Hoover's chances for the nomination, especially as Mr. Willis's name cannot be removed from the official ballot. That the Hoover boom is growing is beyond question. We are seeing the fruition of years of careful planning and skilful publicity. Here, for instance, is the testimony of the editor of the Dinuba (Cal.) *Sentinel,* who assures his readers that "mats, cuts, plates, etc., bearing Herbert Hoover's likeness have come into our office, gratuitously through the mails and by express, to the number of four or five hundred, sometimes two or three in one week." He adds that the amount of publicity has averaged "at least one piece every day in the year." Despite this flood of matter this particular editor is opposed to Mr. Hoover and he, like the Fresno *Bee,* dwells upon the complete silence of Hoover about the "almost all-pervading graft and corruption."

SOME DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION have not forgotten that the ancestors they respect fought for freedom. In Massachusetts, where good movements grow, Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie of the D. A. R. is protesting against the ridiculous and defamatory blacklists which the little leaders of that organization have been circulating. Virtually everyone in Massachusetts who has ever deserved well of the Commonwealth appears to be on the list of "dangerous" speakers. College presidents, law professors, settlement workers, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. in general, labor unions—and, by implication, the wife of the Governor, who once publicly sewed a union label in a garment and accepted honorary membership in the International Ladies Garment Workers Union—are on the list of those whom the renegade daughters would muffle. A bishop's wife arose in a recent meeting of the organization and objected on discovering that her husband's name appeared on the blacklist. Presumably anyone who read in public the seditious language of the Declaration of Independence would, in the judgment of the blacklisters, deserve the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti. In Massachusetts, as elsewhere in America, the *Springfield Republican* is asserting, the blue menace is more dangerous than the red.

DON ADOLFO DIAZ, our puppet President of Nicaragua, has issued a Mussolinian ukase enacting, by executive fiat, the made-in-Washington election law which the Nicaraguan Congress refused to accept; and the entire Cabinet has been reshuffled in order to fill the offices with a more amenable set of satellites. We learn from the Panama papers that Admiral Sellers sent Dr. Carlos Cuadra Pasos and the other docile members of the Nicaraguan delegation at Havana back to Nicaragua on a United States warship; and from the American papers we learn that another thousand marines have been sent to Nicaragua to crush Sandino, but that since the rainy season is coming on that gentleman may escape his pursuers for another year. A California subscriber, however, calls our attention to headlines in the Sacramento *Bee:* "Nicaraguans Mowed Down By Marine Air Attack; Deadly Drive On Sandino Men Said To Be Most Bloody In The Campaign; Natives Helpless Under Rain Of Death; Massed Rebels Make Perfect Target For Bombs Of American Planes." Carleton Beals in his article in this issue describes the results of marine warfare behind the Sandino lines. It is shabby business, and among the shabbiest episodes is the attitude of the American Red Cross. One of our subscribers, moved by reports of suffering, sent the Red Cross a small check, asking that it be forwarded to Sandino's men for the purchase of quinine and bandages. The Red Cross, which also feels unable to help the starving miners' children in Pennsylvania, replied: "We regret to advise that we know of no effective way in which your generous desire could be met, and we are therefore returning the funds to you." *The Nation,* however, suggests that any reader who has similar impulses may send funds for medical supplies to the Nicaraguan Red Cross Division of the All-American Anti-Imperialist League, Room 40, 39 Union Square, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVING JUST COMPLETED the Nelson and the Rodney, 35,000-ton battleships armed with 16-inch guns—heavier and more powerful than anything else afloat—the British topped off the latest "disarmament" conference by repeating the proposals they made at Geneva last summer. They suggest that future battleships shall not be of more than 30,000 tons, that guns be kept down to 13.5 inches, and that the accepted life of existing capital ships be extended from twenty to twenty-six years. All three "disarmament" proposals would strengthen the British navy in comparison with the American. If British statesmen care anything whatever about American friendship they will do well to avoid such transparent hypocrisies. At the Washington Conference Britain agreed to accept a 5-5-3 naval ratio with the United States and Japan. Peace may be promoted by honest extensions of that ratio, but not through tricky proposals which, seeming to reduce armament, work to the advantage of a single Power. The American people, by its protest, has just forced the Administration to cut its navy program in half; but the British action at Geneva plays directly into the hands of our jingoes.

NEITHER HATS NOR CATS are beneath the notice of Fascismo. Thus a long list of decrees given to the Mayor of Rome for improving the health of that city included a ukase against stray cats found roaming the streets; and the Unione Industriale Fascista has created new designs for men's hats intended to free Italy from the domination of French fashions. If these seem like frivolous matters, even for a spring day, the latest controversy between Premier Mussolini and the Pope certainly is not. Under the guise of concern over the Catholic Boy Scout organizations, sponsored by the Holy See, it is the old struggle over again between church and state. The Pope has long looked askance at the growing importance of the Balilla, groups of young men not yet old enough to be initiated as full-fledged members of the Fascist Party. Mussolini, on the other hand, has insisted that instruction of youth was the cornerstone of the Fascist state. Despite this difference, however, prospects of harmony between the Vatican and the Government seemed bright when they were blasted by a sharp criticism from Pope Pius a fortnight ago, directed against the Government in general and the Catholic National Center Party in particular. Mussolini promptly replied by ordering the suppression of the Catholic Boy Scouts, the last organization under the control of the church. Mussolini has confidence in his own powers. For other rumors are flying about—for instance, of the possible abdication of the King, which would quite possibly result in an alliance between King and Pope. The King has long been in an anomalous position; the Pope approaches one. Only the Duce is invincible, all-powerful, all-great.

OUT IN THE PHILIPPINES the political leaders, weary after years of opposition, determined that on the arrival of Governor Stimson they would try the soft wiles of cooperation. One and all—Quezon, Osmena, Roxas—praised Stimson's appointment; they even began paying tributes to the memory of Governor Wood. Part of the new good-will was due to Acting Governor Gilmore's astute interim regime. Mr. Gilmore succeeded in being friends with both Americans and Filipinos; he got along without the irritating "cavalry cabinet," he succeeded in changing the inter-island shipping law, and broke the monopolistic grip upon the best routes. Mr. Stimson's reported intention to reestablish the army coterie as his intimate advisers disturbed somewhat the peace, but the politicians continued their new tactics. Now, dramatically, the Filipino Commissioner at Washington, Isauro Gabaldon, has resigned his post and returned to the East to conduct an electoral campaign upon the old slogan of immediate independence, broadcasting his closing speech in the American Congress. "I am opposed," he told Congress, "to the investment of a single additional dollar of [American] capital in the Philippines until after we have been made a free and independent people. . . . In the name of God, members of the American Congress, I beseech you to give us our independence before the Philippines, like the Teapot Dome and the naval oil lands, are donated to campaign contributors whose mouths are watering for our golden natural resources."

THE REPORT ON UNEMPLOYMENT which the Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, has sent to the Senate in response to Senator Wagner's resolution contains no new information but does embody some new misleading conclusions. Mr. Davis is not responsible for the lack of new information, for the Senate's request for facts was not coupled with any appropriation with which to obtain them, and perhaps he is not to be censured too severely for his rosy conclusions because this is a Presidential-campaign year and all good Republicans must bolster up the belief in prosperity just as all worthy Democrats must attack it. Taking the known figures on unemployment in the manufacturing industries and on the railroads for last January, Mr. Davis has compared them with the same month in 1925 (selected as an average year) and finds a shrinkage of 7.43 per cent. He then applies this ratio to other occupations (which is guesswork) and arrives at a total of 1,874,050 jobless as against an estimate of 4,000,000 or more made in various other quarters. But Mr. Davis forgets that even in a "normal" year there are 1,000,000 unemployed to be added to his number.

EVEN WITH THIS QUALIFICATION Mr. Davis's figures are probably overoptimistic. The secretary admits (though he does not allow for it in his estimate) that the number of prospective workers has been increased in the last three years by the gain in population. He also speaks of the exodus from the farms to the cities, although this would count only in case the farm workers had hitherto not been among the "gainfully employed." Taking Mr. Davis's own statistics, the Labor Bureau turns them against him, declaring that they indicate that 5,790,000 persons are unemployed in this country! This is just another guess, but it may be as good as that of the Secretary of Labor. On the same day that Mr. Davis's figures were made public the American Federation of Labor announced that there had been 18 per cent of unemployment among union workers in twenty-three cities in January and February. Against this the National Association of Manufacturers reports that a canvass of 1,078 of its members shows an increase of 1.24 per cent in employment this spring over last and that plants are operating at 87.5 per cent of their capacity. It is probable, though, that the manufacturing industries are the most stable and prosperous in the country at the present time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"FEW OVER 65 AMONG DESTITUTE"—thus the headline on a report of the National Civic Federation's study of 14,000 people sixty-five years old or older. The federation cheerfully noted that a quarter of the old folks had property with a capital value of at least $10,000, and that less than a third had no property whatever. But this means that a million and a half Americans are put on the shelf at 65 entirely without property, which is appalling. Their children help many of these, and only a few actually starve, but this offers scant comfort except to a statistician with ice in his veins. Indeed, the federation's own investigators were little impressed with its statistical morals. "The recipients of [chiefly municipal] pensions earned by years of service constitute our happiest aged among the near-dependent, because of the sense of security felt," one of the field workers reports. France, which seemed the stronghold of individualism, has just launched a tremendous program of national insurance, which includes pensions, effective at the age of 60, of one-half the annual income. America still lags behind. Perhaps the sessions of the First National Conference on Old Age Security, held in New York on April 10, will mark a new awakening.

THE WARDEN OF AUBURN PRISON recently took the advice of the Attorney General of New York State, and refused to accede to a writ of habeas corpus. The Appellate Division, Fourth Department, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, has unanimously declared the warden guilty of contempt and fined him a total of $1,500. The warden, who merely obeyed the chief law officer of the State, may now sue his chief, Mr. Ottinger, for malfeasance or negligence in his advice; he may go to the legislature for relief, or he may pocket the loss. On March 2, 1924, Justice Angell signed an order in habeas corpus directing the immediate discharge from Great Meadow Prison of one Benny Sabatino. Three days later, ignorant of this writ, the Governor granted Sabatino a discharge on parole. In due time he was reconfined for an alleged violation of this parole. The case went to the Appellate Division, which decided that a writ of habeas corpus could not be superseded by an executive order. Accordingly on June 29, 1927, the court ordered Sabatino "forthwith discharged from custody." The order was served several times, but the warden, on advice, refused to release his prisoner. The decision, he said, had been appealed. On October 28 the Court of Appeals unanimously pronounced that

> It would be intolerable that a custodian adjudged to be at fault, placed by the judgment of the court in the position of a wrongdoer, should automatically, by a mere notice of appeal, prolong the term of imprisonment, and frustrate the operation of the historic writ of liberty. The great purpose of the writ of habeas corpus is the immediate delivery of the party deprived of personal liberty.

Sabatino, of course, is unimportant. What is important is that the highest law officer in New York State instructed the warden to disregard a writ of habeas corpus, and that the courts of the State have reaffirmed the dignity of that historic safeguard of personal liberty.

OURS IS A DRAMATIC AGE, and among its major dramas are its charities. A Lindbergh winging his way across the sea would have seemed a mad dream a century ago; but no more mad than an oil millionaire building a modern hospital in Peking or a mail-order magnate turning over five million dollars to help settle Jewish colonists in the Ukraine and the Crimea. Julius Rosenwald has used his profits well, as hundreds of schools for Negroes in our own South attest; and he has been generous to his own people. It was he, if we remember aright, who startled a meeting to raise funds for Jewish charities a few years ago by rising from the floor and announcing calmly: "I'll give a million dollars." The work of the American Jewish Joint Agricultural Corporation, of which James N. Rosenberg of New York is chairman, is a stirring adventure. In Czarist days the Russian Jews were herded into city ghettoes, and the legend grew up that the sons of the hill-dwellers of Palestine were essentially an urban people. Within the last five years the "Agrojoint," with the cooperation of the Russian Government, has helped more than 100,000 Russian Jews to settle on more than one million acres in South Russia, and most of them, already self-supporting, are disproving the charge that Jews cannot produce on the soil. Nor is this work merely sectarian; more than 80,000 non-Jewish farmers have also been aided by the Agrojoint. The project has not the romantic appeal of the return to the homeland of Palestine, but it has a sounder economic basis. The difficulties come at the start; and Julius Rosenwald's great five-million-dollar gift, which must be matched by an equal sum from other contributors, will overcome them.

ONLY THREE NUMBERS of the *Hound and Horn: A Harvard Miscellany* have appeared to date, but this is enough to demonstrate that college journalism in the United States can produce something genuinely and maturely distinguished. The typography is nothing less than exquisite. The crudeness and casualness of the ordinary undergraduate literary magazine are simply not there; one has the unusual experience of turning the leaves of a quarterly planned in leisure and executed with taste. If the taste of the editors and contributors is dictated to a degree by some of the best literary journals in England, notably the one operated by Mr. T. S. Eliot, nothing surely is lost by the contact; students, like other people, learn by imitation, and these have chosen excellent models.

IT COMES AS SOMETHING of a shock to learn that all the girls in the country do not want to marry Charles A. Lindbergh. Indeed only 29 of 150 girls who answered a questionnaire at Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, admit such an ambition, and only eleven of them consent unqualifiedly. Fifteen of the twenty-nine say cannily that they would want to "date him quite a while first," thus revealing that they are "from Missouri" temperamentally as well as geographically, while three confess unblushingly that their thought in marrying the young aviator would be to be photographed beside him for the newspapers and movies. But it is the answers in the negative that interest us most. Three advanced thinkers insist that they could not stand it to marry Lindbergh and be known merely as his wife, while we are glad to note that twelve are sufficiently individualistic to assert that they do not care for "his type at all." We sympathize with seventeen who think Lindbergh too popular and six who beg to be excused because he might be killed any minute. But we envy and like best the sixty-three who decline because they are in love with someone else. It is among them that we would advise the transatlantic flier to look for a future mate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What About the Democrats?

SENATOR ROBINSON, who represents the Ku Klux Klan of Indiana in the United States Senate, has taken it upon himself to daub mud and oil and garbled misstatements of facts all over the Wilson Administration and the Democratic Party. He charges that "the 'conspiracy' to get control of the oil reserves of the country was not formed in Chicago during the Republican convention of 1920, but was formed in the city of Washington during the Democratic Administration of President Wilson, and it was participated in by high officials of that Administration and aided and abetted by still other Democrats of high standing."

Now *The Nation* is not a Democratic journal; and it will hardly be accused of prejudice in favor of the Wilson Administration. We have repeatedly stated our belief that the two old parties are in their outlook and principles as alike as twin peas; and we believe that there is scant hope for political decency in this country until the people revolt against them both. The war-time profiteering under the Wilson regime is a disgraceful chapter in American history, and we have done our share in exposing it. But, after due consideration of Mr. Robinson's facts and statements, we give it as our deliberate judgment that his speech was a tissue of intentionally misleading insinuations. The Democratic Party has its sins, but Mr. Robinson unearthed nothing to compare with the bribery and corruption in which Mr. Fall and others were implicated, or with the plot to conceal oil men's contributions to a party deficit, in which Messrs. Mellon, Weeks, Hays, and Butler were concerned.

So cleverly did Mr. Robinson interweave truth and insinuation that the country may easily be deceived. He refused to permit the usual Senatorial interruptions until he had read his prepared speech, apparently with the deliberate intention of broadcasting extracts from the *Congressional Record* which should not include the denials and explanations of those whom he libeled. It is therefore worth while analyzing his charges.

He charged, first, that three members of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet had, after retirement, accepted retainers from Mr. Doheny or Mr. Sinclair. It is true that Franklin K. Lane, a poor man, resigned from the Cabinet in February, 1920, to take a $50,000-a-year position under Mr. Doheny. Apparently his private secretary also became an officer of a Doheny company; and two other subordinates also joined the staff of the oil companies. It is not true, as Mr. Robinson alleged, that Mr. Doheny employed former Attorney General T. W. Gregory, although it is true that, several months after he left the Cabinet, Mr. Gregory received a fee of $15,000 from the Island Oil and Transport Company for services in connection with Mexican claims, and that a Doheny company later paid $2,000 to the Island company because the service had benefited the entire oil group. It is also true that Mr. McAdoo accepted from Mr. Doheny a retainer of $150,000—not of $250,000, as Mr. Robinson stated—"because," as Mr. Doheny put it, "we thought his connection with the Democratic Administration would give us an entree to it, open the door to it." But never has anyone, Republican or Democrat, discovered that these men, in or out of office, betrayed the public for the oil companies. Whatever one may think of such colossal fees as that paid to Mr. McAdoo; they are not comparable with the loans and gifts to Mr. Fall while he was still in office, which he kept secret, and in return for which he illegally and corruptly turned over public oil property to Sinclair and Doheny. As to Mr. Lane, his reputation stands above reproach. Mr. Robinson himself, when challenged, said, "I do not mean to reflect upon Franklin K. Lane," and Senator Glass heatedly and properly retorted: "Yes, that is exactly what the Senator means to do; and the denial simply accentuates his moral turpitude in doing it . . . by the meanest kind of insinuation."

Mr. Robinson pointed out, further, that Mr. Doheny contributed to the Democratic Party funds in 1920—though the sum was $34,000, not $75,000, as Robinson stated; that Doheny wrote the oil plank in the 1920 Democratic platform; that his name was entered as candidate for the Democratic nomination for Vice-President in that year; and that Senator Walsh had once referred to Doheny as a disinterested witness having no interest in the naval oil reserves. All this, however unpleasant it may be to the Democrats, dates from 1920, and neither Senator Walsh nor anyone else had at that time reason to believe Doheny the man he later proved himself to be in his transactions with Secretary Fall.

Secretary Daniels, Mr. Robinson charged, had initiated the policy of leasing naval oil lands, and Senator Walsh had approved it. This was, perhaps, his most serious and apparently his most damaging charge. In making it he deliberately and consciously confused public mineral lands outside the naval oil reserves with the naval reserves, and a checkerboard reserve with the solid blocks of the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills fields. Senator Walsh did approve a policy of leasing certain idle lands in the hands of the government to private parties. That may or may not have been wise policy; but it was not corrupt, and it had nothing to do with the naval oil reserves. And Secretary Daniels did approve drilling in Naval Reserve No. 2, after the Supreme Court had affirmed a railroad company's title to all the alternate-numbered sections in the field. The government's oil would all have been drained if private owners could have drilled on land immediately contiguous to it. This, however, is a very different matter from drilling in a great solid area like the fields which Fall surreptitiously handed over to Doheny and Sinclair, and the context of Mr. Robinson's remarks makes it perfectly clear that he knew it was different yet wilfully confused the issue. Finally, the Senator from Indiana made an absurd attempt to give President Coolidge credit for Senator Walsh's work.

Senator Nye once remarked that the Democrats got less from the oil men than the Republicans because nobody cared to spend as much money on a flat tire as on one that was constantly in use. That is undoubtedly true. Insull, Sinclair, Doheny—all the big-business spenders—have proved their nonpartisanship. They give to both parties, when and as they think it will do most good. But Senator Robinson's speech, like his attack on Al Smith, was less an effort to throw mud where mud belongs than to blur the issue of the direct bribery of a high Republican official by the oil magnates, and the fact that other high Republicans abetted, and still others helped to conceal, that crime.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Morrow and Mexico

IT is a striking evidence of the importance of selecting the right man for the right place, in diplomacy as in other human relationships, that Dwight Morrow has been able to arrange a settlement of the oil dispute between the United States and Mexico. He gained the confidence of the Mexican officials instead of trying to bully them, a modification in diplomatic methods worth continuing. He not only worked out a solution with the Mexican Government; he also persuaded the State Department to give up a position which it had previously maintained.

The background of the settlement is this: Certain rights to exploit oil were granted to landowners by Mexican statutes prior to the revolution of 1911. The Constitution of May 1, 1917, declared all oil national property, and permitted concessions for its development to be given only to Mexican companies or to alien individuals who agree not to appeal to their governments in case of dispute with the Mexican Government. American oil companies protested against the decrees putting this provision of the Constitution into effect, claiming that it would result in confiscation. The dispute came before the Supreme Court of Mexico, which interpreted the law not as giving to landowners the oil under their lands but as offering them the right to acquire it. An act showing an intention to accept this offer must be made before the right vested. This offer was withdrawn by the Constitution of 1917, which forbade the grant of oil rights except by concession under its terms. But the Constitution did not deprive anyone of rights acquired prior to the date on which the law went into effect, so that all who had accepted the offer by a positive act prior to that date kept their right unchanged. The oil companies and the State Department did not accept the court's interpretation of the law, but maintained that every American owning land owned the oil rights on this land whether he had done any positive act prior to May 1, 1917, or not. Thus arose the distinction between "tagged" lands, on which some act showing an intent to exploit the oil had been done prior to 1917, and "untagged" lands.

The dispute again came to a head in the negotiations of 1923 which ended in the recognition of the Government of President Obregon. Throughout the discussions the American commissioners expressly maintained the American view that any owner of land in Mexico prior to 1917 had the right to develop oil on his land, and that to deprive him of it was confiscation. The Mexican commissioners, on the other hand, sustained the position taken by the Mexican Supreme Court.

The Mexican Congress passed an act in 1925, to take effect January 1, 1927, which provided for concessions to develop oil. It allowed concessions as of right to owners of "untagged" lands but limited the period of time for the concessions. It was also claimed by the oil companies that under the Constitution only Mexican corporations could get concessions, so that it was doubtful whether the Americans would be allowed concessions even for their "tagged" lands. The question came again before the Supreme Court of Mexico, which decided that the law was invalid in so far as it changed the property right of the owner of "tagged" lands to exploit oil for the indefinite period into a right under a concession for a limited period.

The present arrangement, according to newspaper summaries, adopts the interpretation of the Mexican law held by the Mexican courts and expressed by the Mexican commissioners in 1923. If the State Department accepts it as the final settlement of the oil question, the State Department will have abandoned its interpretation of the legislation prior to 1917. Mexico will have adapted its law and regulations to protect the rights which its own courts, in 1921, declared were vested in foreigners, and have abandoned the position apparently taken in the law of 1925.

It was evident before Mr. Morrow went to Mexico that the old method of trying to settle this dispute by representatives of the oil companies and the Mexican Government had come to a stalemate. Each party thoroughly distrusted the other and no progress could be made, especially when the oil companies felt that the Washington Government supported their position. Mr. Morrow went to Mexico as a personal appointment of the President. He was a man of high business position and great skill in negotiation; he showed confidence, not suspicion, of the Mexican authorities; he took a position legally and equitably right; and he has succeeded in accomplishing a result which could never have come about under the old method and with the old point of view.

Both the oil companies and the Mexican Government have suffered severely from their inability to settle their disputes. The taxes on oil production for 1926 amounted to 24,697,472 pesos as compared with 58,374,155 pesos for 1922. In this period production fell from 185,057,253 barrels to 90,609,991. It is easy to see what this has meant to the workmen employed in the oilfields and refineries and to the companies. Every economic reason for a settlement has long existed, only good-will was lacking. There are other issues outstanding between Mexico and the United States. But if mutual good-will replaces mutual distrust any conflict can be adjusted. Mr. Morrow has proved that good manners pay.

This Is Not News

DANA said that if a dog bites a man it is not news, but if a man bites a dog it is news. He might have added that when an innocent man is sent to jail it is news, but when he is kept there year after year it ceases to be news. This seems less than just. Every day that an innocent man is kept in prison increases the injustice and ought to increase the public demand for his release. But it doesn't work that way. News, as Dana's illustration was intended to explain, is the unusual and unexpected. And even the gravest injustice, if it is continued long enough, ceases to be unusual or unexpected. It ceases to be news and thus ceases to interest or occupy the public thought.

So it happens that Mooney and Billings, who have been in jail in California for upward of twelve years, although the case against them was exploded long ago, are the object of less public concern today than ever before, and eight men who were sent to prison after the tragedy in Centralia, Washington, in 1920 are still wearing their lives out in a cage although five of the jurymen have signed affidavits repudiating their original verdict.

The Centralia tragedy grew out of the hatred of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

employing lumber men for the Industrial Workers of the World on account of the latter's strike activities in the Northwest. In the spring of 1918 a so-called Red Cross parade was used as a screen for a mob attack on the I. W. W. hall in Centralia; the men inside were run out (some were driven from the city), while the furniture and papers were destroyed. When the Armistice Day parade took place in the following November a similar assault was organized, but this time the men inside the hall defended themselves with firearms—as they had a lawful right to do—and four of the attackers, including a prominent member of the American Legion who had led the procession, were killed. Wholesale arrests followed all over the State. A mob broke into the jail in Centralia and lynched one of the prisoners, Wesley Everest, an ex-service man. The trial was a farcical farrago of prejudice and bias. One man was incarcerated as insane, seven convicted of second-degree murder.

In 1922 two of the jurors, W. E. Inmon and E. E. Sweitzer, signed an affidavit that they had believed all the men to be innocent but had accepted the verdict found because otherwise they feared a hung jury, a new trial, and, in the hysterical state of public opinion, possibly a conviction for murder in the first degree. Two days later another juror, E. E. Torpen, signed an affidavit that the first ballot had been for acquittal and that second-degree murder had finally been agreed to only with a recommendation for "extreme leniency." (The judge carried out the jury's wishes by imposing sentences of from twenty-five to forty years!) P. V. Johnson next signed an affidavit that the jury had not been permitted to hear evidence of the premeditation of the attack on the hall and that he believed all the men to be innocent. A fifth juror, Carl O. Hulton, shortly after signed an affidavit accepting the facts set forth in the statements of Inmon, Sweitzer, Torpen, and Johnson. Other jurors made more qualified statements.

Yet the Centralia victims are still in jail!

The case against Mooney and Billings is of even longer standing and is equally tragic. They were convicted of planting the bomb that killed a score of persons in the Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco in 1916. When it came out later that the principal evidence against them was perjured, the judge who presided at the trial, the detective sergeant who procured the State's witnesses, the Attorney General of California, the District Attorney who succeeded Charles M. Fickert, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of San Francisco, and many others urged action to remedy the miscarriage of justice—but Mooney and Billings are still in jail. Worse than all else is the apparently well-established fact that the State Federation of Labor in California is using its influence against a pardon for Mooney, whose sympathies are with the left wing rather than with the group now in power. The labor leaders of California advocate that Mooney should be released on parole rather than pardoned, for the first course would naturally limit his activities and prevent him from disturbing the powers-that-be in the State Federation. Governor Young, aware of this attitude, is understood to be ready to parole Mooney but not to pardon him. Mooney declines to ask for a parole, regarding such action as a confession of guilt.

As we suggested at the outset, the injustice of this case and that of the Centralia victims is of too long standing to be news. But some of the wrongs most worth attacking are those about which other people have ceased to concern themselves.

A Music Merger

THE growing cost of maintaining a great orchestra is given as the real reason for the just-announced amalgamation of the New York Philharmonic and Symphony orchestras. The former is in its eighty-sixth year, and the latter has just reached its semi-centennial. Neither can support itself; where is the orchestra that does? For years the man who has made the New York Symphony possible, Harry Harkness Flagler, has dug into his capacious pocket in order that his friend, Walter Damrosch, might have a fitting medium for his musical interpretations. Last year Mr. Damrosch retired to what was intended to be a rest but has turned out to be the management of an extraordinary radio enterprise, giving good orchestral music to a possible audience of between ten and fifteen millions. To this he talks once a week about the music which an orchestra under his direction then performs.

Mr. Damrosch's retirement has undoubtedly led up to this orchestral amalgamation—a striking event because of the disappearance of the New York Symphony as a separate organization, and also because it had been felt for some time past that New York was entitled to two first-class orchestras. Under the reorganization plan Arturo Toscanini will be the chief conductor, but associated with him will be Willem Mengelberg, Walter Damrosch, Albert Coates, Bernardino Molinari, and Willem van Hoogstraaten. The regular season will be extended to May 1; during May and June of each year there will be supplemental popular and promenade concerts nightly, and then will come the weekly concert of the orchestra at the City College Stadium from July 5 to August 31. This is a tremendous season, but one which ought to make it unnecessary for the individual orchestra player to find special summer employment in hotel or resort orchestras, or to exhaust himself by teaching during the winter months when rehearsals and concerts, to say nothing of the out-of-town tours, take so much of his time and strength.

Obviously, the new plan raises several questions. The regular season of weekly concerts, as stated, is to end on May 1 instead of at the beginning of March. It will be interesting to observe whether this will not give too long a series for even ardent music-lovers. Again, as the performers will now have to be on call from October 1 until August 31, it is a question whether they will not be overworked; there is a limit to the strength and the freshness of the best of players. Moreover, since the capacity of Carnegie Hall is limited, it is not entirely clear that the combination will reduce to a considerable extent the present large deficit of the Philharmonic. If Mr. Flagler will continue to donate large sums—he has already given about a million and a half dollars to the maintenance of the New York Symphony—the raising of the deficit may, of course, be that much easier. We should not be surprised, however, to see the immediate rise of another orchestra. With a city of six millions of people to draw upon it is more than likely that there will be a demand for additional orchestral entertainment. As to that the future will tell. Meanwhile, the amalgamation makes the Philharmonic-Symphony more than ever one of the greatest of American orchestras, and insures to it for a period of five years the services of Toscanini, the greatest of orchestral conductors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Seems to Heywood Broun

PRESIDENT HOPKINS of Dartmouth College is a little less than perfect in his conception of honor and truthfulness. This is a serious charge to make against a great educator and so I will explain the basis of my accusation. Some weeks ago I wrote an article about the annual banquet of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston at which Judge Webster Thayer was praised by the toastmaster and cheered by the diners, and the *New Republic* also referred to the affair. My comment was based upon a clipping from the Boston *Post* which described the incident and attributed the words in praise of Thayer to Andrew Marshall. A reader of *The Nation*, Miss Blanche Watson, of Washington, sent the article to President Hopkins and he has just replied to her as follows:

MY DEAR MISS WATSON:

I have just returned from a six weeks' trip among the alumni associations of Dartmouth College and have found on my desk your letter addressed to Dr. Andrew Marshall.

I have several reflections as I read it. Chiefly I have the sad conviction that the forces of liberalism or progressivism will never accomplish what civilization needs to have accomplished through them until there is something of the desire to know facts and some unwillingness to believe those whom they criticize to be all evil, up to the time that valid evidence indicates this to be true.

The writer of the editorial in the *New Republic*, Mr. Heywood Broun in the New York *World*, and others of their kind are perfectly willing to accept credulously a newspaper report as a basis for criticizing and unfairly attacking those with whom they do not agree, when they would be the first to question the validity of such a report if it happened to misrepresent a cause or an individual in whom they were interested.

There was very little, if anything, in the account of the Boston *Post* in regard to the Dartmouth alumni meeting which was right. Mr. Andrew Marshall, for instance, to whom you have addressed your letter, was not seated on the platform and had no responsibility in regard to the meeting. He was later elected president of the Boston Alumni Association for the forthcoming year and will preside at the meeting a year from now—which is as close as he came to participating in any way in the official proceedings of this meeting. The president of the Alumni Association for this year was Mr. Joseph W. Bartlett, a prominent lawyer in Boston and one who, in times past, has been deemed a radical.

But, on the whole, I do not know of any reason why I should spend my time undertaking to deny the various erroneous statements in the Boston *Post*, or the assumptions which you and others have been so eager to make, regardless of any facts involved.

I dislike to think what you or Mr. Heywood Broun or the editors of the *New Republic* would think and say in regard to a conservative who as credulously accepted a sensational newspaper report concerning the occurrences of a meeting of so-called liberals.

I am yours truly,

ERNEST M. HOPKINS

President Hopkins has specifically denied one point in the *Nation* article and intimates that if it were worth his time and trouble he could brush aside the rest. But let us examine the facts. Mr. Hopkins is quite right in saying that Dr. Andrew Marshall had no part in the proceedings. The reporter of the Boston *Post* made an error, for the toastmaster was Joseph W. Bartlett, retiring president of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston. But President Hopkins intimates that this was merely one of many errors. Miss Watson would have a right to assume that there was no speech in which Judge Thayer was hailed as a hero, no demonstration by the Dartmouth men in his favor, and perhaps no Thayer and no banquet.

Mr. Bartlett, the toastmaster, ought to be an excellent witness. Some Dartmouth alumni were interested in the incident because it seemed to them that the sanction showered upon Thayer at the banquet might be interpreted as an official act by Dartmouth College, which of course it was not. My article in *The Nation* did not intimate that the proceedings were other than informal. Two of the Dartmouth men who investigated the incident at the Copley-Plaza Hotel have been kind enough to forward their findings. They report that Judge Thayer was a guest at the banquet and that he was seated at the speakers' table "in normal deference to his position as a member of the Massachusetts bench." This report, which comes from Edward S. Kirkland and T. S. Anderson, continues:

> The toastmaster, after mentioning one or two other well-known alumni present, then called attention to Judge Thayer. A letter from Mr. Bartlett says that he did so on his own authority, and that he designed his remarks to commit nobody to an opinion on the merits of the great case, but merely to call attention to the fact that, in his estimate, Judge Thayer had stood courageously for what he believed to be right.
>
> The newspaper account says that Mr. Bartlett asked the audience to rise in acknowledgment of the judge's courage. Mr. Bartlett does not himself say whether he did so or not. Whatever the fact, the point is this, that the action was in no sense an official action of any body of Dartmouth alumni. If Mr. Bartlett did ask for a rising tribute, and thus place the others in a position where they could not refuse without conspicuous discourtesy, he did so entirely on his own authority . . . his rashness and poor judgment were entirely his own. As Dartmouth alumni we have a quarrel with Mr. Bartlett for not sensing the possible implication of his act. But that is a family affair, and perhaps the natural product of the sort of demonstration normally found at American banquets, and particularly those of college alumni.

I have looked over my article again and, in the light of this testimony, it is not necessary for me to change a single word of what I wrote. The quotation from the *Post* did name Andrew Marshall where the name Joseph W. Bartlett should have stood; but I myself made no mention of either gentleman and I do not see just how this error affects the fundamental issue.

President Hopkins of Dartmouth College, who says I spoke untruthfully and misrepresented the proceedings at the Dartmough banquet, might take the trouble to reread my original article. It hurts my pride to feel that he could not have read it very carefully before he commented upon it. You see he attributed it vaguely to the *World*, although it was actually published in *The Nation*. Since

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I first deplored the Dartmouth cheers for Thayer I have been informed, and Gardner Jackson is my authority, that both Hopkins and Lowell joined heartily in the applause for the indiscreet judge. Somewhat later President Hopkins justified his action by saying that he felt it was good manners to join in with the other boys and that he would do it again under the same circumstances. This business of politeness and college loyalty may be carried a bit too far. If I went to a banquet and found A. Lawrence Lowell, or Charley Brickley, or anybody whom I choose to dislike at the head table I feel that it would be my privilege to withdraw in spite of the fact that he was a hero when I was an undergraduate. Which I still am.

I said that Judge Thayer sat at the speakers' table during a dinner of Dartmouth alumni in the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston. I said that the toastmaster called him "the peace-time soldier fighting for his country." I said that the diners cheered Thayer and that the judge buried his face in his hands and wept. Every word of this is true in spite of the pious side-stepping of Mr. Hopkins. He is the head of a great institution. At times he has supported liberal movements. Stronger words could be used in regard to his letter, but possibly he may choose to examine the record and make proper apology. At present it will be enough to say that the man is just a shade evasive.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Presidential Possibilities

VII

Charles Curtis

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The seventh in a series of studies of the candidates

"THE situation is tapering down to Tim," said Thomas C. Platt, boss of New York, when asked once what were Lieutenant Governor Timothy L. Woodruff's chances for the governorship. Mr. Platt was wrong. The situation did not taper down to Tim, for it could not; it was too preposterous a proposal. If the Republican Presidential contest should taper down to Charles Curtis it would simply mean that cowardice, timidity, and moral bankruptcy had done their worst. The only redeeming feature might be that thereby the country had escaped Dawes or Coolidge. But the nomination of Curtis would be the apotheosis of mediocrity; Mr. Babbitt would thereby come into his own.

Mr. Curtis is well aware of his own limitations. He has no delusions of grandeur, no hope or expectation that by a sudden outburst of oratory or statesmanship he could force himself upon the convention. He has hoisted his lightning-rod for the Presidential bolt to strike it because he feels himself in precisely the same situation that Mr. Harding was in 1920—Mr. Harding had folded his tents and was stealing away when fate in the shape of the bosses did him and his country the ill turn of picking him as the choice of the convention. Mr. Curtis apparently believes that Lowden and Hoover will deadlock, and that in their search for a thoroughly colorless but deserving man who has no enemies they must inevitably turn to himself. Does he not come from Kansas, a farming State, that lives in history because John Brown spent a few weeks there and because it was the permanent home of "sockless Jerry Simpson"? Is he not the only Senator of American Indian blood? Has he not been the most obedient floor leader of the Senate since the death of Henry Cabot Lodge? What would you have? A man of brilliant parts, colorful attainments, charm, and wide vision? What nonsense! Party candidates are chosen not because they have such qualities but because they are without them. Roosevelt was an accident; Wilson the exception.

So Mr. Curtis is well within his rights. History and precedent fight for him and so does the fact that Senator Willis of Ohio is now dead and that Speaker Longworth of that State is otherwise disabled. If—Mr. Curtis doubtless reasons—Mr. Coolidge persists in his refusal to run, then Curtis of Kansas will have his chance unless some other dark horse appears whose name is not even mentioned—possibly Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, or some other favorite of Andrew Mellon's. Mr. Curtis probably eliminates Hoover because the politicians dislike him so. Dawes and Lowden he thinks impossible. So it comes down to Curtis or an unknown. He sees himself the boy standing on the convention deck whence all but him have fled in dire defeat. His god is the Process of Elimination. Kansas knows that Curtis is a great man; knows that in his sixteen years as a Congressman no Representative ever worked so hard for his constituents, called so many of them by their first names, or mailed as many packages of seeds, or as many letters, necessary and unnecessary, as he—once upon a time he received 1,400 a day! As Senator, too, no one has kept his political fences in better repair. Then why should not unsurpassed industry be rewarded? Is there no sense of gratitude in his party? When he first came to the House there was only one other Republican from Kansas. Now there are eight.

Senator Curtis is as faithful and as devoted to his party as he is dull and dumb. "Yes" and "No" are his favorite answers to queries and he resents questions not put in such a way that he can reply by a monosyllable. He was early told to talk little in Congress and to saw wood. He did both; therefore he was bound to rise, and he rose. Colorful? Only in his ancestry and his early years. He is one-eighth aboriginal American, the Indian Chief Pawhuskie, a Kaw, having been his great-great-grandfather and Princess White Plume a great-grandmother, as well as the wife of a French trader. With French and Indian blood there should have been produced

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a really high-bred racer; instead of which we have the most patient and plodding of political wheel-horses, one who has never yet sulked or lain back in the traces, or lifted his heels, or tossed his head, or threatened to bolt. Only the crack of the party whip, or the sound of its dinner bell, ever moves him. You could not make him buck or rear if you built a fire under him. Such is heredity! You would swear, if you did not know what strains were in him, that his pedigree read at every generation post "out of Main Street, by Bourgeois."

Is this an undemocratic aspersion of the great lower middle-class? By no means. I admit that the soviet which comprises the Kansas farmer, merchant, postmaster, the Elks and Shriners and Moose and Rotarians in good standing, is entitled to its representative in the Senate. The doubt is whether at this precise juncture in American history the hour calls for their Charles Curtis, now sixty-eight years of age, in the White House. As a candidate he runs true to type in that his beginnings were of the humblest. But they were spiced with the thrill of the race track! For this darling of the Kansas W. C. T. U. really was a boy jockey from his tenth to his sixteenth year—he who as prosecuting attorney at twenty-four won his way to Congress in the early nineties by enforcing prohibition in his town. He closed eighty-eight saloons in thirty days and in four years obtained 103 convictions of criminals out of a possible 108. But he did line his pockets with the godless money of the race tracks for seven long boyish years. Then came his mother, Permelia, a Massachusetts Puritan by descent, to his rescue. Charley heard her heartfelt plea; he left his horses, the ring, the big stakes, the quick rewards; he bade adieu to the book-makers, trainers, hostlers, and track-side easy-marks. Resolutely from that day to this he has trod the straight and narrow path. One of Marryat's heroes was tattooed in boyhood with the King's broad arrow to signify that he was for life the "King's Own." If Kansas had a broad arrow it would not be needed on Charles Curtis's shoulder. Kansas and Kansas virtue are stamped all over him.

So Charles went back to school, quite unsuspecting that he had exchanged the race-track for the Senate and that the rewards which are supposed to come to all good little boys were to be his. The years sped by in deep domestic felicity and then Charley was back with the horses—not the race-track, for he remembered his promise to his mother. They were hack horses that lured him this time, and the reins that he held earned him the money that paid for his education for the bar. Indeed, this honest and industrious youth was so honest and industrious that he took his way right into Congress in 1893 and there, except for two years when the Democrats tipped him out, he has been ever since. No wonder all the good people of Kansas hold Charley Curtis up to their children as a model of virtue, as the boy who made good far away from home. No wonder they include him in their prayers so that the Almighty may hear how many of the righteous wish Charley Curtis to enter the White House.

If virtue, that is Curtis, does not get this reward, there is the comforting thought that after all he has a tremendous record of achievement to look back upon—years in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. You can hear him there any day in his swelling periods and the rotund oratorical phrases for which he is distinguished. Here they are: "Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum." "Mr. President, I ask a roll-call." "Mr. President, I rise to a point of order." "Mr. President, I move the Senate do now adjourn." Not his to fill the *Congressional Record* with his beliefs as if he were a Copeland, a Caraway, a Heflin, feeling forty-eight States tuned in to hear. He is as silent as those stoical Indian chiefs who were his ancestors. Yet he can talk, as did they, when the spirit moves. Here are samples given to James O'Donnell Bennett and printed in *Collier's*, sonorous samples of his style, and planks in his platform. Speaking on his favorite theme, "the passing of the political domination of Congress from the East to the West," he said:

> The chairmanships of nearly all the important committees are now in the hands of Western men. The Speakership of the House has passed from Massachusetts to Ohio, and the most urgent problem before the country—the problem of farm relief—is a Western problem. Therefore my insistent plea is and will be, "Help the farmer."
>
> I hope and expect that this Congress will pass some reasonable measure of farm relief which will receive the President's approval and will go a long way toward ameliorating the conditions surrounding agriculture by giving the farmers better marketing facilities, greater assistance in carrying forward the cooperative marketing principle, and assisting them along other needed lines.
>
> I also hope that the committees of the two houses will agree upon the report to their respective bodies of a measure which will provide a definite shipping policy, and that under it our country will be assured the permanent merchant marine so essential alike to our commerce and national defense.

Stirring words these, profound and profoundly wise! But there is no need for him to hold forth often as to his views on any topic. You can always find them in the campaign book and party platform—as soon would he dispute the Holy Bible or the tenets of that Methodism which has carried him so far on the road to greatness as to question his party dogma. He is a regular of the regulars, a cornerstone of the American temple—even the capstone. There must be law and order and men to enforce them by precept and practice. Even Frederick the Great knew that with his ungrammatical: "Ordnung *muss* sind!" Charles Curtis knows it, too, and to it has given his life. Henry Cabot Lodge, his predecessor as majority leader, may have been an intellectual and a Back Bay aristocrat, but he was not as good a collie for the flock as Curtis of Kansas. Curtis knows his master's voice, his master's slightest desire, and his circling of the sheep never ceases, nor his yapping at those who dare to wander.

For he knows his job as the job knows him—majority leader! No temptation to eloquence shall distract him from it. Henry Cabot Lodge had other interests, other tasks. Not Charles Curtis. He is majority leader, heart and soul. For him authority is the final word. Did he not allow himself to be allied with Speaker Cannon at once when, a youngster from the Kaw, he entered the House? Did he revolt against the Speaker and his rules when the upstart Norris of Nebraska began the fight to bind the foremost legislator of Danville, Illinois? Charles Curtis did not! Loyalty is the meat of his bones, fidelity the tune for every beat of his heart. He went down to defeat with Joseph Cannon, but rose again to righteousness and the upper chamber. You cannot keep a good man down—in Kansas or the Capitol. Work is his gospel, work his salvation—fourteen, fifteen, sixteen and more hours a day if need be.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Occasionally, rumor has it, he breaks away when Congress is not sitting and then he can be found at a nearby race-track, leaning on the rail, absorbed, a spectator who once rode winners, recalling this hairbreadth finish and that game defeat when he was almost sitting on his horse's ears. Those were the real racing days!

Then, the races over, he is again shepherd of the Republican flock and more than shepherd—detective, supervisor, and controller of all who will be controlled. Not his to reason why. Orders were meant to be obeyed—what a fine soldier was lost in Charles Curtis! Romance may have its way. The pulse may beat faster for one moment. The might-have-been may project itself upon the retina if only for a second. Even in Kansas they dream dreams—sometimes dreams to interest a Freud. But let Charles Curtis enter the White House and mankind everywhere will know that the American home and the American family ideals, best in all this glorious world, have triumphed anew. Every true American will feel a sympathetic thrill. There is in the very simpleness of Charles Curtis something of the soil and the workshop. He is in himself the least common denominator of us all.

The Oil Industry Wakes Up—A Little

By GEORGE WARD STOCKING

SINCE its inception in 1859 the oil industry has been disorderly and unruly, suffering continuously from overstimulation. These very characteristics, however, have enabled the industry to perform its task in economic society with a fulness which has frequently been mistaken for native vigor and strength. Meanwhile, the economic importance of the oil industry has greatly increased, and as a concomitant the far-sighted conservationists have begun to wonder whether the production of oil in such generous quantities, coupled with the growing military importance of petroleum and the widespread use of gasoline and the motor car, may not herald the day of an oil shortage.

The early and oft-repeated assurances by the industry that all was well with itself have been followed by an intensive campaign of cajolery to convince the public of that fact. Witness the decision of the Public Relations Committee of the American Petroleum Institute to spend $100,000 per year in preparing and distributing facts about the oil industry, its achievements and accomplishments—apparently an endeavor to build "a solid asset of public confidence which nothing can disturb." And, more recently, the Report of the Committee of Eleven of the American Petroleum Institute. These eleven representative men of the industry were content to solve the problem of waste and the possibility of shortage by denying its existence. All that is required, they said, is the continued guaranty of the free play of competitive forces, and, perhaps of equal importance from the viewpoint of the consumer, "prices that will provide a return to producers, refiners, and distributors commensurate with the risk involved and the capital invested."

The basic cause of the oil industry's troubles is excessive competition in the production of oil. The remedy, according to the Petroleum Institute, is to be more of the same stuff! Waste in production has become a commonplace among the technical experts within the industry, the consensus of whose opinion seems to be that under a unified system of operation of oil pools, which would permit control over production, ultimate recovery might with existing technique be doubled. And so, despite these professions of faith on the part of the industry and a resort to the simple, old-fashioned remedies, the industry's troubled condition has not been changed—except in degree.

But every drawback has its blessing. In 1925, when the Committee of Eleven made its interesting report denying the existence of waste and promising its elimination, the total domestic output of oil equaled but 763,743,000 barrels. This represents slightly more than the average production for the four years, 1923-1926 inclusive. The year just closed witnessed a total output of 905,800,000 barrels. Such a surplusage of oil has spoken the message of waste in language that even the most hardheaded business man can understand. It has meant lower prices for petroleum and its products; it has meant increased expenses in the construction of storage facilities. The result has been diminished profits or outright loss. The stock market tells the story effectively. Last year saw more than a score of the leading oil stocks strike new lows in the face of a generally bullish market, and the year closed near the bottom. Such independents as Marland Oil and Phillips Petroleum have been hardest hit, but even such old-timers as the Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Standard of New York have run counter to a generally rising market. Houston Oil and a few others have furnished speculative bright spots, it is true, but altogether it has been a gloomy year. And the end is not yet.

Meanwhile, for three years now, the Federal Oil Conservation Board, appointed by President Coolidge in December, 1924, to study the problem of conservation because it was then evident "that the present method of capturing oil deposits is wasteful to an alarming degree," has been carrying on. Two brief but incisive reports have been made public. The more recent of these has dealt largely with the question of substitutes for petroleum in case of shortage. The earlier report, dealing with the general petroleum situation, recognized both the tremendous waste which has characterized the production of oil and the basic cause of this waste—the competitive mining of a migratory mineral which recognizes no property lines and transgresses the principles of ownership. But although recognizing the problem, the board has been content principally with stating it. Anxious, apparently, to formulate some plan which will secure the approval of the industry, it has manifested a sympathetic understanding of the practical difficulties to be encountered in any program of control and has accordingly sought the advice and counsel of the industry at every point in its study. The industry's response of two years ago (the report of the Committee of Eleven) failed utterly to comprehend the nature and purpose of the Government's inquiry. Meanwhile, as the threatening waters of bankruptcy or diminishing profits have rolled about it, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

industry is being shocked into a realization of its own sickened condition. The recent report of the Committee of Nine to the Oil Board (released February 6, 1928) indicates progress made, slight though it may be. The Committee of Nine consisted of three representatives of the oil industry, three representatives of the mineral section of the American Bar Association, and three representatives of the federal government. It was appointed by the Conservation Board to make recommendations regarding appropriate legislation for the purpose of conserving the nation's oil supplies. Representing, as it presumably does, the balanced judgment of the industry's leading practical men, the best legal talent, and the people's official representatives, it is a document of unusual interest.

The Committee of Nine begins its report with a frank recognition that there is a "distinct waste in the process of getting oil out of the ground." Under the present haphazard methods of competitive production, engineers are agreed that the greater percentage of the oil underground remains there. Probably not more than 25 per cent is now recovered. That recurring overproduction inevitably results in the directing of oil products into uneconomic channels of consumption is likewise recognized by the committee. "In the nature of things, the extent of this waste cannot be estimated, but there is no doubt that it is very extensive." The primary cause of waste in oil production is recognized by the committee to be "the law governing the right of the owner of land to recover oil from it." Each operator, in an endeavor to capture as much of the underground fugitive oil as possible before his neighbor captures it, is forced to drill the tract over which he happens to have competitive control as rapidly as he can. Common law has come to reinforce customary practice and, under its application, the dilatory operator may be forced to drill wells for the protection of the rights of the owner. As a result of such headlong methods, engineering principles are subordinated to business expediency.

The Committee of Nine's frank statement of the case is encouraging. Particularly so, in view of the fact that two of its members representing the oil industry were signers two years ago of the Report of the Committee of Eleven, which denied the existence of waste in the oil industry and recommended the "free play of competition" and the free operation of the "laws of supply and demand" as a cure-all for any problems which then confronted the industry or might ever confront it. The third representative of the oil industry who signs the present report is the same former president of the American Petroleum Institute who some seven years ago eloquently urged, as a solution for the problems of oil, the same "free play of the economic law of supply and demand" and the same assurance to "everybody from everywhere" of the right "to participate in the prospecting and production" of oil.

These gentlemen, no doubt, are to be congratulated for the facility which they have shown in changing their minds; it is to be regretted, however, that the Committee of Nine, which frankly recognizes the shortcomings of unrestricted private exploitation of oil, has been able to make no constructive suggestion as to a way out. "In our judgment, the only practical law governing the right to recover oil is that which now exists and which has developed to meet the necessities of the case." The way out, as they see it, is to be found in the cooperative development of oil pools by voluntary agreement. In effecting this, the state is to remove any unnecessary obstacles and bring to bear what pressure it reasonably can. As a step in this direction, the State and federal anti-trust laws are to be amended so as to remove unequivocally from their purview voluntary agreements looking to the restriction of output and the cooperative development and production of oil. Finally, the waste of gas is to be prevented by statutory enactment.

In passing judgment upon the committee's proposals, we should bear in mind that the physical facts of oil occurrence coupled with the principles of private ownership—not anti-trust laws—have accounted for oil production's having been carried on under highly competitive conditions. In the absence of something more constructive, perhaps there can be no serious objection to a modification of anti-trust laws in such a way that they clearly afford no possible obstacle to voluntary agreements which look toward the cooperative development of oil pools solely for control over production and the elimination of waste. It should be emphasized, however, that in the face of a competitive scramble for oil, with operation on the basis of the property tract, the industry has shown little capacity for cooperation except as an emergency measure for the prevention of overproduction. And yet the futility of control over production by purely voluntary agreement even in the face of an emergency, where the production of oil is in the hands of a multitude of small operators, has been demonstrated time and again. Witness Seminole field! In October, 1926, with a break in the market for crude oil imminent, Seminole was producing 81,000 barrels daily from 37 wells—with more oil in sight. To avoid demoralization of the market, a voluntary program of "control" was instituted. Despite repeated efforts to keep the situation in hand, by August 9, 1927, Seminole had reached a peak of 527,400 barrels daily from 637 wells. Meanwhile, the market for crude oil had broken and some half dozen successive price cuts had been made. Not only has voluntary action proved ineffective however, but to the extent that it is resorted to as an emergency measure it fails entirely to touch the problem of waste except as waste results from overproduction.

More futile still is the committee's recommendation that the waste of gas be prohibited by the passing of a law. Gas pressure is not amenable to control by incantation. For ten years past the State of Texas has had legislation, iron-clad from the legal point of view, forbidding all waste in the production of oil and gas. And I have it on good authority that the waste of gas in the recently developed Panhandle field in Texas is exceeding even the spectacular performance of Desdemona in its best days.

Any adequate program for control of oil production and the elimination of waste must take as its point of departure the basic geological conditions under which oil occurs in nature, and not present methods of production, as does the committee's report. The development of such a program involves the difficult task of a change of mind. There is hope on the horizon, however. Three years ago Henry L. Doherty, the first leader of the industry to make a definite proposal for compulsory unified operation of oil pools on a basis of the geological conditions, became, according to his own pronouncement, *persona non grata* with his former cordial friends. Mr. Doherty's plan involved modifications of existing rights in private property looking toward the scientific exploration of oil lands and the conservation and orderly development of the nation's oil resources. In brief, it provided for the establishment of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

federal control (under what particular agency the plan does not specify) over the industry, under which no land should be drilled for oil until opened by federal permit. Although the plan provided for the granting of permits for drilling immediately all lands within drainage distance of existing production, it also provided that on new lands not liable to drainage permission should be withheld subject to the formulation of an oil-exploration district. Each of these districts was to be regarded as a unit for purposes of development; and the payment of royalties to individual property owners was to be made on the basis "of the amount of oil which underlay their land as the oil and gas existed as an individual pool," not on a basis of the amount of oil captured over a particular property tract.

Although Mr. Doherty's plan in its details is not impeccable and although it raises delicate questions of a legal and constitutional nature, it is scientifically sound in that it substitutes for the private tract a geological area as a basis for development and, through a unified operation of this area, removes the incentive to overrapid and wasteful exploitation. But the plan was considered so radical and dangerous by Mr. Doherty's colleagues in the industry that he was even denied the privilege of presenting it for discussion to the American Petroleum Institute in open meeting. Late in February of this year a program similar to that advanced by Mr. Doherty some three years ago and agitated continuously by him since furnished the basic topic for discussion at the open meeting of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers in New York. Progress has been made; but fundamentalists die hard.

This Is War, Gentlemen!

By CARLETON BEALS

Managua, March 6

WE met the first Nicaraguan refugees in Danli, Honduras, on our way in to Sandino's territory. In fact, we had supper in the house of a bearded carver of saints who had had his house burned in the battle of Ocotal. And on the trail from Escuapa to the frontier we met long trails of émigrés, some coming with merely the clothes on their backs, others with a few salvaged possessions in gunnysacks, some with chickens; one bent old woman came driving a pig. Others, being comfortable ranchers, came with many belongings packed on mules, came driving cattle, came accompanied by all the appurtenances of their normal patriarchal life. Clear to the frontier in Honduras, indeed clear to the flanks of El Chipote and beyond, we met these same straggling lines of homeless and dispossessed.

With all of these refugees I talked, often at length. All were filled with deep bitterness, not toward the "bandit" Sandino, whom they considered their friend, but toward the American marines. And on their tongues were tales of marine atrocities, most of them, I imagine, grossly exaggerated. But men do not leave their homes and their belongings and fly into the wilderness or into a foreign country with their families without grave provocation. Men do not hide in the darkness of narrow canyons and seek shelter in inhospitable crags and cower at the approach of a stranger like frightened animals without having suffered violations.

Nearly all of these people are from the Department of Nueva Segovia, in which is situated El Chipote, the fortified height which for six months served as the bulwark of General Augusto C. Sandino. Over most of this region Sandino for a time held sway, not only in the imaginations of the people but in a military sense. From El Chipote his *retenes* or military outposts radiated clear to the frontier. And he had the unbounded loyalty of the inhabitants who were safe in person and property. Women of the region came voluntarily to El Chipote to wash the clothes of the soldiers, to grind corn for the tortillas, and prepare the meals. The husbandmen of the locality brought food and provisions. And every man was a newspaper to keep Sandino informed of the movements of the marines.

Against not merely the armed contingents of Sandino but against an obviously hostile countryside, the American forces could only consider every civilian a combatant and treat him accordingly.

The marines are not accustomed to fight in tropical forests, and they are dealing with a tricky opponent who declares "God and my native mountains are fighting for me." It is perhaps only prudence before advancing into a dense growth of these hostile mountains—especially since ammunition is plentiful and the American taxpayer generous—to blaze away with machine-guns. But in these mountains and in these forests people have their homes, humble to be sure, and their little clearings, both invisible a few yards away. One of the *Juanas*, or camp women, wounded in the forehead by a piece of shrapnel in an aerial bombardment of El Chipote, put it to me: "The Machos [Americans] have killed many civilians, many animals; they have burned many homes, but they've been careful to kill few Sandino soldiers."

I was told that the families of known Sandino combatants are singled out for special treatment. Thus the marines, according to a story which was repeated to me by many people in different places, went to the home of Colonel Marin, who was killed leading the early attack on Ocotal. They took Vana Marin, his mother, and Juana Mendoza, a woman over eighty, tied their hands behind their backs and nooses around their necks and led them away from their house which was burned down. The *casarios* (i.e., a settlement of houses near a river) El Valle and Buena Vista were reported to me as having had every house burned. The village of Quilali was razed to the ground shortly after Sandino's evacuation of El Chipote. American forces entered the Hacienda El Hule near Jicaro (this story was told to me by refugees from there), furniture and buildings were burned, and valuables were torn from the bosoms of the women. Santiago Herrero, a rich hacendado, according to another story, refused to talk when his place was approached by Americans, and he was shot. It so happened he was dumb. These are the sort of tales which are circulating throughout Nueva Segovia. I do not vouch for them. I give them for what they are worth. That hundreds of private homes have been burned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down by the American forces, probably out of military necessity, I can declare a fact.

Some of these stories may come from official Sandino sources. General Sandino showed me the following letter he had received:

> On December 6 this town (Ciudad Antigua) was attacked by two Yankee airplanes, the combat of machine-guns and bombs lasting an hour and a half, as a result of which the old woman Norberta Quiñonez was wounded; Paulina Cesteno had her left forearm broken; a little child with the surname Quiñonez suffered two grave wounds, and another child a slight wound. Most of the houses in town were destroyed, and the church remained with fifty-two large holes. Only Divine Providence saved our lives from the horrors committed by the Gringo bandits with their cursed airplanes.
>
> *December 23, 1927* [Signed] FLORENCIO LOPEZ

Major Rowell, in charge of the American airplanes, admitted to me that Ciudad Antigua had been bombarded because the Sandino rebels had a habit of taking refuge there. The church of Ciudad Antigua, thus damaged, is twelve miles from Ocotal and is renowned for its antiquity and beauty of construction. Its walls are three yards thick.

I was also shown the following letter signed by one Jose Leon Diaz, from which I quote extracts:

> On December 4 a commission of marines going out from El Pataste captured the honorable and pacific citizens, Santiago Jimenez and Eugenio Vasquez. They were tied up in their house in Santa Isabel and were found assassinated the same day in Vuelta del Sueño.
>
> On the 20th a commission of Yankee marines, which went to Pueblo Nuevo, seized in their houses the worthy citizens Jose Leon Corea and Lorenzo Obando, who were later assassinated by them in Arado Quemado, jurisdiction of Yalaguina.
>
> On December 11 a group of conquering marines went to the town of Macuelizo where they camped several hours during the night. They used the church as a barracks, sacked it. They stole the golden jewels of the saints. They captured three honorable individuals belonging to the Liberal Party. On the road they pretended to grant them their liberty, but when the prisoners had gone about thirty *varas*, they fired off their machine-guns. One was killed, and the other two, gravely wounded, escaped, fleeing into the mountains, where a second died shortly after. The names of these victims are Luis Enriquez, Romualdo Contrera, killed; and Serapio Gonzales, gravely wounded. The assassination was effected in the Santa Rosa creek, jurisdiction of Macuelizo.

Such documents could be multiplied. I have had no opportunity actually to investigate any of these specific cases. I did investigate the following case with some care, talking with witnesses and all the members of the family. The family now resides in a miserable two-room hut about ten miles north of Jinotega, and all of the women are in mourning garb. The facts apparently are these: S. Carmen Valdivia, over fifty years of age, married, is the owner of the Hacienda Buenos Aires, located in Pedernales, in the Comarca of Tomayunca, which is quite outside of the disputed war zone around El Chipote, though during the last few weeks Sandino and American troops have passed through this locality. But at the time these incidents occurred it was considered a peaceful district. Valdivia was reported to be a Sandino sympathizer but vigorously denies the fact, declaring that he has always kept away from politics and has never given the slightest aid to Sandino forces. On December 26, 1927, twelve marines and two national constabularies entered his hacienda when he was absent, took his son, Felipe Morales, twenty-six years of age, prisoner, burned the house, demolished the sugar-cane press, destroyed 120 cargas of maize, and tore down the fences. His son, who I suspect was a Sandino sympathizer though I could find no evidence of participation in the rebellion or of direct aid, was taken to a nearby creek and shot, the discharge of the gun being clearly audible to the women of the house. Shortly after they found his dead body. On December 29 Señor Valdivia protested to the Governor of the department, setting forth in a sworn statement that he had suffered the following losses, aside from the murder of his son:

House 18 x 8 yards	$350
120 cargas of maize at $3.50	420
Implements, etc.	200
Buffalo press, seven tons capacity, not including personal labor of installation	500
Total loss, not including fences destroyed	$1,470

The Governor of the department replied that he was helpless to take any action, but suggested that Señor Valdivia address the American commander-in-chief in Managua. He did so but has not, as yet, been honored with a reply. After collecting the sworn testimony of witnesses and making the proper legal depositions, Valdivia was given permission by the Governor to reconstruct his home. Here the matter rests. I have mentioned the matter to American officials but have been unable to get any information.

Even in places remote from the war zone, as on the Atlantic coast, the marine policing has been frequently carried on with high-handed brutality. Another case is reported to me from an Indian village near Bragman Bluff, where a religious festival was taking place and many of the Indians were drunk. The marines turned their machine-gun on the crowd, killing four and wounding five. The military commandant of the place refused to conform to the marine whitewash of the incident and resigned, whereupon he was brought to Bluefields and arrested, being released only upon the signing of a dictated statement. Later, when he wished to leave for the interior of the republic, the marines refused to let him leave.

When I went through most of Mataguineo the inhabitants were in such a state of fear that on the approach of strangers they either whipped out their guns and shot without warning or else took to the hills in full flight. We always sent a single unarmed Indian ahead of us to advise the householders that friends were approaching and not to take flight or shoot. As we came nearer to El Chipote, this sense of desolation became more overpowering. And when we landed in Murra at sundown on a rainy night and found the town completely deserted, the effect was gruesome in the extreme. The fear of war gripped us with a hundred vice-like terrors. Everyone had left Murra hurriedly. Some of the doors were padlocked; others had been hastily tied with pieces of cloth or rawhide; some were not even tied. From the refugees we learned that they thought the place would be sacked and burned by the marines. Most of the belongings had been left behind, only a few valuables or cherished objects which could be carried on the shoulder or head had evidently been removed. These people were not running from Sandino; they were running from the marines. And as we pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceeded we found the mountains silent, depopulated; the food supply was for days exceedingly difficult. At the few houses where people remained there were only men; they had sent the women into hiding with all available food. It grew more and more terrifying to go on, without proper equipment, into mountains from which most of the human inhabitants had vanished. We were lucky to get a few green bananas, a few tortillas—without salt, for salt had become more precious than gold. The refugees who had not gone into Honduras had gone deeper into the wilder mountains. They had found concealed nooks where they had built temporary lean-to's out of branches and *suita* palm. In many cases they had even concealed the entrance to the narrow paths leading to their erstwhile abodes. All the way to Little Mataguineo we found no people, only evidences here and there of the passing of refugees. In Little Mataguineo, a place of one house, we came upon a family, man, wife, three children, and a sick old man with a bandage around his head, all emigrating, but they were kind enough to share a few beans with us—again without salt. The owner of the house, we learned, was in the vicinity, but in hiding.

When later we crossed into the Coco River basin, the cry was the same: "The Machos are coming!" "They will burn our houses." Here again, part of the region had lost many inhabitants.

Whatever the rest of Nicaragua may think of us, this little corner knows only bitterness and hatred. We have taken a place in the minds of these people with the hated Spanish conquerors of other days. The password runs among the people and it echoes in their songs: "We must win our second independence, this time from the Americans, from the Machos, the Yankees, the hated Gringos." Names enough they have for us.

My personal opinion is that if Sandino had arms he could raise an army of ten thousand men by snapping his fingers; that if he marched into Managua, the capital, tomorrow, he would receive the greatest ovation in Nicaraguan history. America's friends in Nicaragua are the politicians who have bled the country for so many decades, they are the politicians who wish to stay in power or to get into power with our help. I would not advise any American marine to walk lonely roads at night in Nicaragua.

Etienne Clémentel

By LIVINGSTON MACDONALD

THE originator of the International Chamber of Commerce, and as its honorary president one of the chief speakers at the Geneva Economic Conference, Etienne Clémentel was the man who founded in 1922 the widely differing General Federation of French Artisans.

In the present economic development of France, Clémentel is comparable to a wheelwright, not too specialized, but able to make the rim, the spokes, and the hub, and put them all together. In the world of French business the international body is the rim, and the more recently organized small producers, with their headquarters at Paris, the hub. And the spokes are not lacking, for in his reorganization of national chambers of commerce in various towns he has created strong factors whose common interest lies in the productive power of France and whose capacity has long been shown in their foreign industrial and commercial relations.

All three organizations, international, national, and artisan, are conservative but Clémentel is a Radical-Socialist, of the sort which a writer in the *Figaro* not long ago discovered to be the ideal of the country voter. "We will vote solid," the butcher had told him. "Not too far to the right or too far to the left, but right in the middle: Radical-Socialist."

If Clémentel is taken as the measure of the party's activity in safeguarding the traditional French spirit, the provincials are justified in their position. For this man has much more of the old school than the new in his air of distinction. His direct manner is not due to lack of reserve. His socialism has in it much more of the fraternal than the fretful and his radicalism consists in getting practical results while others are still vaporing.

The French find in this series of contradictions the romance which they love. Recently they discovered another combination of the practical and the artistic when Clémentel assembled in one exhibition all his paintings and sold them for the benefit of the hospital in his home town of Riom—of which he has been the mayor for twenty-five years. Few people knew that he painted; those who did had not known how much, and no one guessed that he would be willing to expose to the gaze of public and critic the work with which he has filled his leisure ever since his boyhood. Many of the studies had been done in the studio of Rodin, whose friend he was, and the trace of Monet was evident in many of his landscapes. The story was told of his youthful enthusiasm when on one occasion he took down a rusty sword from the wall of the museum where he was painting to fight an impromptu duel with a friend—who seized an equally unpolished weapon—in defense of impressionism.

Two hundred and fifty thousand francs was realized by the sale of the paintings and a modern surgical ward installed in the hospital. Whatever he undertakes succeeds, and that is why, perhaps, the visitors in his antechamber show pertinacity in waiting for him. They know that what he is willing to do for them will be done promptly and not be pigeon-holed. They know that in his political activities he has never wasted time in personal conflicts, nor even in self-explanation. He is always too busy. He belongs peculiarly to the people from whom he springs—to the Auvergnats of the Central Plateau. The saying there is that when the farmer of Auvergne finds he cannot get anything out of the ground because of the poor soil, he takes out the ground itself—the granite and the Volvic lava. Conquest of difficulty is a matter of course. The Auvergnats tell with pride of the Napoleonic general, Desaix, who on a day in Egypt made the report: "It is three o'clock and the battle is lost, but there is time to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have another." Clémentel, when he was a boy, wrote a drama on that theme. His friends—at those innumerable banquets with which the provincials exiled in Paris comfort themselves—remind him of his early writings in which he expressed his devotion to the highlands of the plateau, particularly in his study of "The Celtic Soul."

He did not want to be a notary but an artist. Nevertheless he was sent as Deputy to Paris and within a short time was given the Ministry of the Colonies. And to show his independence he sent, at the same time, a painting to the Salon. Ever since he has been connected with the French Cabinet—Minister of Agriculture, of Labor, of Merchant Marine, of Finance, of the Post, Telephone, and Telegraph, and, most recently, of Commerce.

It was in this latest capacity, in 1916, that he called for a conference of the Allies from which sprang the International Chamber of Commerce. And it was in that same capacity that he took advantage of an old law, which allows the local French chambers of commerce to act in concert upon questions of common interest, and divided France into twenty "economic regions" with the chief industrial town for its capital. Because this division roughly followed the old provincial boundaries, ignoring the artificial "departments," there was a great awakening of regional enthusiasm. And this was made to serve the forces of centralization in spite of centuries of antagonism to Paris. Today it seems likely that this grouping of 147 chambers of commerce into twenty parts will do more for the foreign commerce in France than any other movement toward expansion; for towns like Lyons and Lille are those which have always had their representatives abroad for their great industries and have been the colonizers of France in those countries where raw materials and markets were to be found, and now they are all linked in one economic movement with the capital.

It was during this same time that Clémentel made Parliament vote a reorganization of the ministry of commerce which permitted the creation of commercial attachés and foreign agents. The National Office of Foreign Commerce was shaken up and the results were export credits, a people's bank, postal checks, and several laws—among them one for technical education. It was an active period.

With his ear to the ground, in that first silence which succeeded the war, Clémentel heard, as no one else, the sounds of the scattered handicraftsmen plying their trade in the early and late hours outside the eight-hour day of the rest of the working population. The sounds were growing fainter and fainter, a motley music, but appealing to one who as a child had lived in a country mill and listened to the even dropping of the great wheel into the stream over which it was hung.

The artisans, the small producers of France, were absent in that procession which led to the nation's treasury after the armistice. The Minister of Commerce noticed that they made no claim for indemnity. He knew that it was because they were not organized that they had no one to speak for them. He took up their problems —which he said he knew from his father's experience— and after he left the Cabinet he finally found collaborators who put their shoulder to the wheel. Rim and spokes were made, and now it was time to make the hub.

In the six years of its existence the Federation of French Artisans, which now numbers nearly one hundred thousand, has gained legal recognition, official connection with the Ministry of Commerce on one side and with the Ministry of Labor on the other. They have over forty million francs in the Bank of France for the system of loans which they have undertaken. They have a cooperative society for the buying of raw materials and the basis of one for the selling of finished products. And, perhaps most important of all, they have a plan for the education of handicraftsmen and are to combine the study of the apprentice with the *chambres des métiers*, which are to be for the small producers what the local chambers of commerce are to industry and commerce in general, a link with the central government.

As an example of how this is working today, the shoemakers of Auvergne, in spite of the competition of the machine industry, from having been an inchoate and scattered class of individualists facing defeat, are now a completely organized body, buying their material as one man, represented in Parliament by committees of defense and propaganda, and likely, although politics have not been allowed discussion in the federation—to vote for the safeguarding of their interests the Radical-Socialist ticket.

Nor is the work of Clémentel limited by the political success or failure of his party. He is more popular than the party, he is valuable to any government which finds itself in power, and his lack of personal egotism permits him to serve wherever there is need of the education which he has gained in twenty-five years of public life.

And the artisans themselves, in an official manifesto, have promised "to follow the economic evolution of the times without giving up our distinctive qualities." More than that they add: "Let us be given economic, social, and financial security and we will take it upon ourselves to furnish France in the least possible time the financial reserves which will allow her to look with serenity toward the future."

In the Driftway

AN artist friend of the Drifter has been pointing out the revolutionary changes in our ideas of the form of the world about us that the airplane is bound to make. "We see all objects now from the side," says the artist. "The pictures of them in our books and in our mind's eye with which we grow up from babyhood are lateral. Our idea of a cow is what we see looking at her from the same level. The mental image that we carry of a tree or a house or a man is a sidewise vision of them. When airplane travel becomes general it is going to change all these old images. We shall then have to get used to, and to identify, objects as they appear from above. Our ideas of the shape of the physical world will have to undergo a complete change, or at least extension. A house will be the oblong or square made by the roof, as seen from above, dotted with a few small circles or rectangles representing the chimneys. A tree will take the shape of a pancake, and a cow will come to have much the same form for us that a cockroach now has. A man will be a couple of circles made by the crown and brim of his hat. We shall have to reeducate ourselves to a new world of form. A new kind of painting and illustration will arise, wilder in its conceptions than anything so far given us by cubists or futurists."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT may occur to some that views from the air are not novel. "We have always had bird's-eye views," they will say. But the old-fashioned bird's-eye view was never a truly vertical vision. It was a stretch of country from a mountain top or a city from a high building. It was partly a vertical and partly a side view, becoming more and more the latter as it receded. It is only since the advent of the airplane that we are coming to get truly vertical views, and so far most of these are photographs taken at such a great height that the detail of specific objects is lost. We have yet to develop any appreciable amount of photography showing us small familiar objects like an individual cow, tree, house, or man as appearing from directly above.

* * * * *

A NUMBER of years ago, the Drifter recalls, there was a fad in our illustrated magazines for what were called "worm's-eye views" of the world. Our streets and houses were shown as they were believed to appear from directly below. The fancy gave opportunity for many bizarre and amusing conceits, but not more so than the views of our familiar world as seen from above.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH airplane photography of a large and distant sort has already made a good start, few artists have seriously attempted so far to paint either in black and white or color from airplanes. The friend of the Drifter already spoken of made a number of such studies when he was in the naval service during America's participation in the World War. To the Drifter they are fascinating bits of painting, but they make no appeal to the buying public. Picture buyers stick to the favorite old subjects which they have been educated over a period of years to prize. The great difficulty in painting from the air is to get a machine which can stay long enough in a single spot for an artist to record what is below. The Drifter's friend found a dirigible better than an airplane. Probably a captive balloon would be best of all, but obviously it would prove rather expensive equipment for the average artist's purse. In any event, it is difficult to work with paint in the strong wind that rushes at one riding high in the air.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's friend plans an exhibition of paintings some day done solely from the air. And the best thing is the scheme for showing them. The idea is not to hang them on walls, but to lay them flat on a floor, face up, and erect a circular gallery around them. The visitor will step up to this gallery and look down upon the pictures as he walks around them. It sounds like the ideal way for showing pictures done from the air, and as an advertising trick it would undoubtedly create a riot on Fifth Avenue not equaled since the day when New York went daffy over the famous Nude Descending a Stairway. It is equally certain that the Drifter's friend will never carry out this ingenious scheme of showing his work, for the idea smacks more of showmanship than of art, and the Drifter's friend is an artist. But someone else, less of an artist and more of a showman, may carry out the idea and make a mint of money from a public which is universally ready to pay more for a circus than for a picture.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Slogan for Hoover

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It appears that Mr. Herbert Hoover is going to run in some primaries out in the Middle West. To run for office you have to have a convincing slogan, and these slogans have to be short and snappy. Let me suggest one for Mr. Hoover's manager:

"He sat in the Harding Cabinet and he never peeped."

Long Beach, California, March 23 UPTON SINCLAIR

Women and the Issues

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The New York City League of Women Voters, at a two-day Conference on Public Affairs on April 10 and 11 at the Hotel Astor, will consider National Issues in 1928. On the first day problems of foreign policy will be taken up at round-table conferences which will discuss the policy of this country toward arbitration treaties, disarmament agreements, the League of Nations and the World Court, Latin America, and our rights and duties as a creditor nation.

On the second day there will be an opening address on The Federal Government and the States: Changing Concepts of Government Responsibility, which will be followed by round-table discussions of the part the federal government should play in the utilization of natural resources (water-power and coal), and in the conservation of human resources (child labor, health, and education). In the afternoon, after an address on the economic and financial problems of government, there will be round-table discussions of the tariff, farm relief, taxes, and government expenditures. In the evening a round table on prohibition will discuss the possible courses of action. It is hoped that able exponents of the various possibilities—enforcement, modification, nullification, and repeal—will discuss frankly the practical advantages and disadvantages of each. No conclusions will be arrived at; it is hoped, however, that a frank and fearless discussion of the facts in each case will help to clarify the situation and make a definite contribution to intelligent use of the franchise in 1928.

New York, March 12 YVONNE STODDARD HAYES

The Colored Mission

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When Colonel Robert Gould Shaw led his regiment of black soldiers in the Civil War, the wave of abolition enthusiasm was at its height. Today our white citizens know but little of the needs and distresses of the descendants of the blacks whose fate caused so tragic a division in the sixties.

A quiet work for the needy colored residents of this city was started in a room over a saloon on West Thirtieth Street by some sweet "concerned" Quaker ladies in 1865. Incorporated in 1871 as the New York Colored Mission it now finds itself in three houses on West 131st Street and two on 130th Street in the great Harlem community of Negroes where, despite progress by some, there is still great need and suffering by many.

The management of this mission has steadily maintained its old spirit of simplicity and honesty. A day nursery enables self-respecting, competent mothers to go to their work confident of intelligent care of their little ones while they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clean or cook for someone else. Boys' and girls' clubs and sewing classes, with quaint names, help to form sound men and women for the work of citizens, and employment office and simple furnished rooms help to serviceable living. Through it all the moral, characterful teaching of the early Quaker Sunday School is continued.

I write to give information to any of your readers who has the impulse to aid. Clothing and supplies should be sent to the New York Colored Mission, 8 West 131st Street, and checks to the treasurer, Mr. Paul D. Donchian, 878 Broadway.

New York, February 12 WILLIAM T. FERRIS

From West and South

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Three hundred and fifty men and women gathered at Los Angeles dinner, celebrating the Tenth Anniversary of Oswald Garrison Villard's editorship of *The Nation*, send greetings and felicitations to the great leader of the liberal forces in America and pledge their continued support to the work he and his associates are carrying on for truth and justice.

Los Angeles, April 1 AARON RICHE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The subscribers of *The Nation*, gathered here at luncheon, send their appreciation of your past efforts and their best wishes for your future activities, inspired by the great love of mankind so clearly shown in your past labors.

New Orleans, La., March 13 JOHN H. BERNHARD

KARIN'S MOTHER
MARGARET GOLDSMITH
2.00
A FRANK NOVEL OF YOUTH AND LIFE IN POST-WAR BERLIN
PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

THE FIFTH PESTILENCE
A GROTESQUE AND TERRIBLE FANTASY OF RUSSIA.
ALEXEI REMIZOV
3.00
PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

The STORY
of the
AMALGAMATED
BANK of NEW YORK

On April 12th
its 5th Anniversary

Assets now
11 Million Dollars

500% growth in 5 years

We share profits with our depositors. Therefore Pay 4½% to our Thrift Accounts

All deposits made until April 30th will bear interest from April 1st

THE AMALGAMATED BANK
OF NEW YORK
11-15 UNION SQUARE

New York's First Labor Bank

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Plays

Grandmother

By KWEI CHEN

It is a cold winter day,
Outside the north wind roaring,
Roaring through the bare black branches,
Across the pale yellow stubbles of the rice field.

Grandmother sits in the large bamboo chair,
Before the fire-basin aglow with the burning charcoal.
"Grandmothers have their partiality," says she;
"I prefer one child to the others."

She holds fast my little hands in hers,
Looking at my mother's face, and sighs:
"I shall not live to see this boy
When he grows to be a man. . . .

"Should he one day become a manly man and renowned,
Worthy of the yearning of his mother and his grandmother,
On my tomb let a large inscription in stone be erected:
'Here lies the grandmother of Ching-yu.'"

First Glance

TENNEY FRANK, who not so long ago published a literary biography of Virgil, follows now with "Catullus and Horace" (Holt: $3), and achieves such success as inspires the wish that he go on to Ovid, Propertius, and Martial, or to any other Roman poets who may seem to him worth while. Certainly it is worth our while to read Mr. Frank; certainly the best poets of Rome are worth our while to know as Mr. Frank makes us know them. For all that may be said about the priority and superiority of the Greeks who taught them their letters, Lucretius and Catullus and Virgil and Horace and Ovid are closer to us than any Greek will ever be; they are more immediately understood; their problems, their sentiments, even their limitations, are our very own. Their world, in short, is one of the most fascinating to which we have access. And Mr. Frank is performing the inestimable service of making that world as clear as it may be.

In his new book, for instance, he tells us all that a responsible scholar can tell us about the life of Catullus from the time he left Verona for Rome to the time of his death at the age of thirty. This is not much, perhaps, judged by the standards of modern biography; but Mr. Frank has made much of it, and has done so in such a way as to create in us the exciting conviction that we know Catullus as well as it is humanly possible to know him. First there is Verona to explore; then Rome, with Clodia and Metellus and Cicero and Gallus; and then the stream of literature up which the lover of "Lesbia" is to be pursued as he hunts for materials and forms, and returns finally to write his own immortal poems. Mr. Frank leads us so expertly through these eight years—sketching in the political background as if it were no background at all, but rather a complex of personalities and events built into the mind of the poet, drawing the literary scene with many quick strokes of reference to Catullus's friends and rivals in poetry and criticism, setting the stage for Catullus himself by showing what he might have thought here and felt there—Mr. Frank takes us so easily along that we go quite without the reluctance usually felt in the presence of antiquarian guides. Mr. Frank is so good an antiquarian that we feel at home.

He does not ask us, however, to assume that there is no difference between Rome in the first century B.C. and the United States in the twentieth century A.D. He is not the kind of antiquarian who pretends that he can annihilate time. His virtue is not that he has brought Catullus and Horace to us—they would not know how to get here—but that he has taken us to them. And this is an unusual merit in contemporary biography, where so frequently we see age insulted and time denied. Our newspaper columnists, for instance, would have us suppose that Horace was a newspaper columnist. In truth he was a many-sided poet of marvelous dignity and skill. Mr. Frank, while making Horace "live," reveals more of his sides than I have ever seen revealed in a single book; and at the same time there is not a pedantic syllable in what he says. Such freshness without vulgarity, such reality without melodrama is a welcome thing, and for it Mr. Frank cannot be too highly praised. There is only one moment when in my opinion he slips. He speaks of "the parlor socialism" of Catiline and his clique. What does that mean—particularly in view of the fact that certain members of the clique were strangled for their opinions in a dungeon at the foot of the Capitol?

MARK VAN DOREN

Santayana's Roots

The Realm of Essence. Book First of Realms of Being. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

A CRITICISM frequently made of contemporary philosophy is that it is merely giving us a stale rehash, merely giving us old systems under new names. And if we exempt a few of our contemporaries engaged in the reconstruction of the theoretical foundations of science, and a few who, like Mr. Dewey, are essentially social thinkers, the criticism seems to be justified. Is it that the majority of contemporary thinkers have no issues to face? Or that they are trying to escape those issues? Of modern philosophy in general, not to speak of the philosophy of the Middle Ages, we certainly cannot make this criticism. Philosophers, when they deserved the name, have been men perplexed by problems upon the solution of which were contingent all their other activities; problems so vital that it was worth dedicating their whole lives to the solution. Locke was fighting for political and intellectual freedom. Berkeley was fighting the spreading skepticism which threatened his faith, and fighting with the only weapon he could wield: a subtle and paradoxical mind. Kant in "The Critique" was gambling with hell, and in his ethics was in part asserting the faith in human dignity which the intellectual forerunners of the French Revolution believed in. Are our contemporaries moved by any such deep affective issues? It seems as if the majority of them were moved to philosophize out of intellectual competitiveness, when they are not moved merely out of a desire for material advancement within the schools.

Whatever one may think of Santayana's philosophy, this criticism can hardly be made of it. From the very beginning

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his career Santayana has been moved by a deep need within him. At times that need was difficult to see; at other times it showed itself in such guise that one might mistake it for something else. But it has run steadily throughout his system, definite and single, a thread knitting the fabric of his thought into coherence and radical unity. Nor is it possible fully to understand Santayana unless one is aware of this profound motivation; for without reference to it, one will lose oneself in details.

Santayana's work, comprehensively considered, represents an effort to rationalize a very strong inward need for liberation and detachment into a system of philosophy. Both in his metaphysics and in his morals, all other issues are implicitly subordinated to this one. Freedom from the ties that bind a man to the narrow interests of his people; from the fashionable prejudices of his age and from its vested intellectual interests; from the contingency and incertitude of human opinion; from the nettling insecurity of the natural flux—this is what Santayana has striven for. In "The Life of Reason" that discreet yet passionate aspiration endeavored to find realization through an examination of the formal conditions of happiness. And happiness, although he does not explicitly tell us, must be understood in him to mean spiritual freedom. But this aspiration met in his earlier period with an inward check—his temperamental conservatism and the aristocratic temper of his mind. For these traits of his character led him, in spite of his own intellectual convictions, to neglect the most important and obvious determinants of freedom—the material conditions upon which it rests.

The World War led Santayana toward what he had called in the optimism of his youth "post-rational morality"; and it convinced him that the life of reason of which he had been dreaming—which was to achieve for him moral liberation—was a "decidedly episodical thing, polyglot, interrupted, insecure." This repudiation of his moral philosophy, which is found expressed in "Soliloquies" and in the preface to the second edition of "The Life of Reason," and which gains impetus in subsequent volumes, has a number of extremely important consequences. Chief among these is that Santayana has been led to seek liberation in a purely intellectual realm. As a result of this shift of interests a problem which previously occupied only a place of secondary importance in his thought has come to the foreground: the problem of permanence as against transcience in the natural flux, and of certainty as against doubt. Like Plato, Santayana has never been satisfied with the contingency of the material world, where his spirit, in love with certainty and the absolute, can grasp but a shadowy travesty of the perfection he is capable of conceiving. It was a relatively easy task for Plato to achieve a compromise, through his theory of ideas, between the two worlds conceived by Parmenides and by Heraclitus. But for Santayana it is not so easy. For, accepting as he does Hume's atomistic analysis of consciousness, he is forced into a solipsistic position from which he cannot extricate himself by so facile a device as that of Plato. "I am nothing but a mere bundle of sensations"—the *now*, and that *now* unstable and fleeting, perilously poised, like a bird with maimed wings upon a dry slender twig, is the only thing I am certain of. But I cannot carry certainty into the next moment; it is no longer certainty when it has become a memory; then it is mere belief, trust in my animal faith.

Santayana's conquest of this predicament is contained both in this book and in the introductory volume, "Skepticism and Animal Faith." Certainty, liberation from the harassing vexation of doubt and from the contingency of the flux, is to be found only in the realm of essence, which is discovered when every gratuitous belief has been rescinded and one has submitted to the galling but inevitable conclusion that nothing given exists. Essences are the only reality. The opaque, obdurate world of objects which animal faith compels us to posit cannot critically be called real. Essences alone are luminous, self-contained, identical within themselves; but above all, they constitute the only objects of certainty which a dissociated consciousness can grasp. For the realm of essence Santayana reserves many lovely adjectives, all of which express the satisfaction and relief he finds in it; and which confirm one's opinion as to the affective roots from which the doctrine springs.

The obvious criticism his doctrine invites, from the point of view of a more mundane person than himself, is that the liberation from the contingent which he finally comes to constitutes, from one point of view, moral suicide; for rather than a solution of the problem, the doctrine is an opiate with which the world-wearied soul can put itself into a contemplative trance. And from another point of view it is realistic suicide; for genuine realism does not need mediation of symbols, of ghostly ultra-natural shadows, that it may come to know natural objects. This in spite of the fact that representative realism is the place where a good many of our contemporaries seem to be seeking a solution for the problem of knowledge. But such solutions as have been offered in our day, Whitehead's, for instance, as well as Santayana's, hinge upon a verbal quibble. So that when we examine Santayana's theory of essence in its wide implications, we find ourselves no better off than we were with Kant's phenomenalism.

Now the whole difficulty is inevitable only to one who accepts what Santayana has called Hume's malicious psychology. Essences are a useful way of avoiding Hume's conclusions once his premises have been accepted. But there is no need to accept his premises. What Santayana seems to be doing is locking himself in a room, throwing the key out of the window, and then proceeding to batter the door nervously in order to get out. This is acceptable in a movie comedy. In philosophy, where whimsicalities have no social status, a little more candor is required. But perhaps this criticism should be suspended until Santayana's next book, "The Realm of Matter," comes out. For it may be that his excursion into the realm of essence is only temporary—although it does not appear so from the tenor of this book—and that he intends to come back in the future to a real world.

ELISEO VIVAS

Penology and Publicity

The Evolution of Modern Penology in Pennsylvania. By Harry Elmer Barnes. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

THE commonwealth of Pennsylvania was one of the early influences for good in the history of American penology. After emerging from the chaos of the Colonial period Pennsylvania exemplified most of the significant advances of nineteenth-century penology, but in recent years it has fallen behind in applying the most modern methods in its treatment of prisoners. Political control and threats of labor leaders have prevented the utilization of convict labor, so that prison industries have been paralyzed for more than a score of years, thus increasing the costs of maintaining State penitentiaries and greatly lessening, if not wholly eliminating, the reformatory effects of incarceration. All this, as Mr. Barnes points out, without improving in any way the condition of honest labor within the State.

Mr. Barnes calls his book a study in American social history. One suspects that this is done partly at least to insist on a certain unity in the varied and voluminous activities of this herculean writer in the social sciences. The present volume is a companion to a similar one of last year on New Jersey's prison system; both grew out of the services of Mr. Barnes as historian to prison commissions in the two States. The author's customary documentary thoroughness is shown in his new book, while he further defends the position already taken in "The Repression of Crime." He is, on the whole, optimistic concerning the future of prison reform and the training and rehabilitation of prisoners, holding that penology as a science has been greatly developed in recent years. His emphasis is now upon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the importance of letting the general public know what has been or can be done. He points out that while sterilization of defectives in our prisons would be an immense improvement and aid in the repression of criminality, this has never received even serious consideration by the Pennsylvania Legislature. The State has made progress in the erection of hospitals for the insane and in the transfer of insane convicts to these hospitals, but has not yet recognized in any adequate fashion the assistance which can be rendered by psychologists and psychiatrists in dealing with the criminal class.

By applying the Quaker doctrine that imprisonment should be the basis of punishment and reformation, Philadelphia reformers first permanently established the fundamental principles of modern criminal science and were able later to proceed to the realization that reformation must be the great aim in the treatment of the criminal. This position has now been widely accepted in scientific circles, while practical experiments in enlightened penal administration have been carried out with much success. A new type of warden is demanded by this new science; the development of a professional attitude on the part of prison administrators is well under way. The next step is to persuade the legislatures to permit the utilization of the best methods of scientific penology, and for this there is necessary the development of an enlightened public opinion. "Until such a situation has been brought about," Mr. Barnes holds, "progress in penology is doomed to be sporadic, local, and generally ineffective. The solution of prison problems, then, seems to be fundamentally a problem of conscientious and scientific publicity."

LORINE PRUETTE

A Hyphenate Passional

A Yankee Passional. By Samuel Ornitz. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

A VARIETY of commentators since the appearance of this novel have remarked upon the bizarre unreality of both its theme and its characters. The saga of Daniel Matthews, the mystic, who emerges from the Maine woods dreaming of a consolidated world religion, embraces Catholicism when he comes to New York, is thrown in with a crew of Irish politicians, priests, social idealists, gunmen, and barkeeps, strives to reform the Catholic church and Tammany from within as a "plainman" priest in the tradition of Hecker, and in the end meets death at the hands of a mob in the same words which had witnessed the beginning of his passional, is never convincing.

Many of the characters bear close fictional affiliations. The Archbishop and his Italian Secretary who precipitate the final catastrophe are cunning prelates whom Dumas may well have inspired. Then there are The Three Musketeers of social idealism whose ambition is a Clearing House for Humanitarian Ideas. Somehow the treatment of the career of Orr Appelgate, the physical culturist, who ends by amassing riches even beyond the hopes of Bernarr Macfadden, is extravagant in the manner of Sinclair Lewis. It is more than the coincidence that most of the characters are Irish and one Jewish that recalls Mr. James Joyce's "Ulysses": the style, the very orthography, exhibits the influence. The hand is the hand of Jacob, but the voice is the voice of many Esaus. If the Irishmen are understood, it is intellectually, not emotionally. The whole creation is more understandable as phantasmagoria than realistic fiction. The crimes, follies, carnalities, and horrors which are the burden of the tale strain one's credulity. Life may be as vile as that, but, after all, as Alfred de Vigny has said, "art is selected truth." The situations often, indeed, have power, piquancy, and a demoniac brilliancy, but the only logic that underlies them is the logic of a bad dream. The milieu is supposed to be the 1890's in New York, but one may find any number of anachronisms. If these are the 1890's, then so is Walpurgisnacht!

"An excellent magazine!"
—George Jean Nathan

HALDEMAN-JULIUS QUARTERLY

An iconoclastic magazine for progressive thinkers. It contains 192 pages, filled with criticism, fiction, opinion, and scientific articles. To introduce this publication to you we are making a special trial offer. The Quarterly is regularly sold for $3.00 a year. By filling out the blank below you may have a

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION—Six Months for $1.

—This is what you get—

Jan.—Feb.—Mar.

The future of Religion, by Joseph McCabe; Darwin Was Right, by Sir Arthur Keith; Was Lenin a Great Man? by Anna Louise Strong; Lives of Chorus Girls, by Betty Van Deventer; Is Man a Machine? Clarence Darrow vs. Will Durant; The Harvard Anti-Chapel Fight, by W. P. Norwin; Your Sense of Humor, by Leo Markum; Minneapolis vs. St. Paul, by Ray Vaughn; Massachusetts Condemns a Prejudiced Judge, by Harold D. Carew; What is a Perfect Gentleman? by John Cowper Powys; Money Writes! by Upton Sinclair; I Like Melodrama, by Robert T. Griebling; The Hollywood "Extra" Girl, by Edgcumb Pinchon; The Delightful Science of Ignorance, by T. Swann Harding; Demonking Evolution, by Maynard Shipley; This Marriage Business, by T. Swann Harding; etc.

Apr.—May—June

The Word of Satan in the Bible, by Louis Adamic; What is Happening to the Tattoo Artist? by Albert Parry; America's Charlatans and Guides, by E. Haldeman-Julius; Woman—the Warrior, by William J. Fielding; Is Evolution True? Joseph McCabe vs. Prof. Price; Main Currents in American Literature, by E. Haldeman-Julius; Opportunities for Adult Education, by Seba Eldridge; Bruno: The First Modern Scientific Philosopher, by J. V. Nash; How Shall I Select My Doctor? by Dr. Frederic Damrau; The Psychology of Joy and Sorrow, by Leo Markun; The Ballad Element in Poetry, by John Cowper Powys; How Edward Trudeau Conquered Consumption, by Dr. Frederic Damrau; Portraits of University People, by Don Lewis; etc.

What readers say:

Sir Arthur Keith:
"I congratulate you on the high merits of the contents of the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly."

Clarence Darrow:
"I believe there is no one in the country who is doing anything like the good for freedom of thought and action that you are doing."

USE THIS BLANK

Haldeman-Julius Publications,
Dept. M-55, Girard, Kansas.
I am enclosing $1.00 ($1.25 Canada and foreign). Please send me your special introductory offer of the January-February-March and the April-May-June 1928 issues of the Haldeman-Julius Quarterly, postpaid.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....State .....

The Only Tours Including

RUSSIA

$450 up

First Trip May 25th

GOING
London
Keil Canal
Helsingfors
Leningrad
Moscow

RETURNING
Poland
Germany
France

The trip ideal for those desiring to see Europe and the SOVIET UNION, where ten days or more can be spent.

WORLD TOURISTS, INC.
69 Fifth Avenue, New York
Tel. ALGonquin 6900

CASH FOR YOUR SPARE TIME

Readers of *The Nation* are offered an exceptional opportunity to become associated with an organization that has been endorsed by leading editors, critics, writers and educators. It is a literary movement, national in scope, revolutionary in character, which during its first year has attracted 40,000 members.

A liberal commission arrangement enables our representatives to earn attractive incomes enrolling members in the Guild. Only a few appointments will be made in each locality. Write today to

Mr. Michael Shepard, Dept. N-4

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue New York

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But at least Mr. Ornitz's failure is an interesting one. It is a little surprising when we remember that "Haunch, Paunch, and Jowl" was so remarkably true to life that it earned the testimonial of a number of threats of libel suits. The malicious often say that almost anyone with talent can write a first autobiographical novel. Yet the present work is, after all, far from negligible. A Jewish novelist who begins by writing a successful novel of Jewish life is warned, on the one hand, against the professionalism of Abraham Cahan or Israel Zangwill, and, on the other hand, against attempts at artistic assimilation. But there is no good reason why, if Mr. Joyce can write successfully of Leopold Bloom, Mr. Ornitz should not be able to write successfully of Mr. Liam O'Heggerty. The Jews and the Irish have much in common; in different ways they both suffer from the minority complex. The apostasy may be only superficial. Mr. Ornitz may have chosen a Catholic mystic as his protagonist, but there would be many to say that it was only another form in which the religious preoccupation of the Jew asserted itself.

In the last analysis, it is to be doubted if any American novelist could have made such a story as "The Yankee Passional" believable, and it is this which is most significant. It is only lately that we have been witnessing the growth of a religious realism of which the Klan is merely one symptom. In the end, Daniel Matthews is its victim, but we are still incredulous. The machinations of Popery and the bigotry and intolerance of the Protestant sects are alien to us still. We prefer to believe that the better Tammany and enlightened Catholicism of which Daniel dreamed have come to pass in the person of Al Smith. The catastrophe shocks us too much where we are most sensitive. A good European such as Anatole France or De Gourmont can deal with Catholicism and mysticism intuitively, sympathetically, but a good American would find their tales fantastic if projected in the republic of Washington and Jefferson. The last thing that Americanism is is mystic. We do not possess the keys to understanding. We do not have the will to believe. These are insuperable obstacles.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

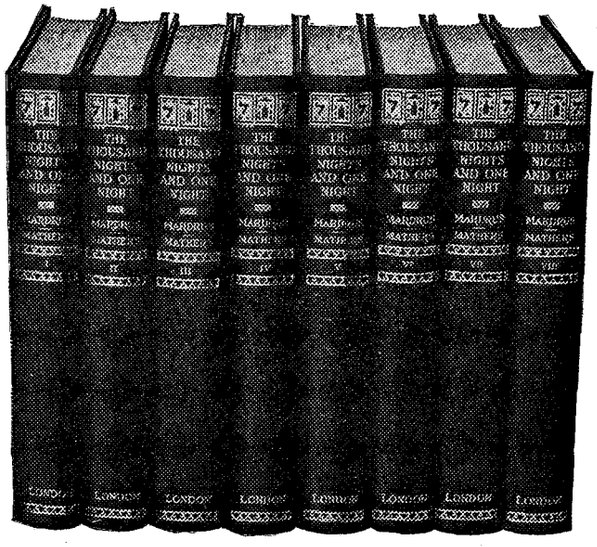
The Tale of Terror

The Haunted Castle. By Eino Railo. E. P. Dutton and Company. $10.

THIS tall volume proves to be a scholarly and carefully documented study of the character, source, and subsequent influence of those eighteenth-century novelists—particularly Horace Walpole, Ann Radcliffe, and "Monk" Lewis—to whose work the term "Gothic" is commonly applied. Like the mystery-enshrouded edifices which are the setting of their thrilling tales, Mr. Railo's "Haunted Castle" is an interestingly rambling building with no very clear ground-plan. It is evident that the author has explored far and wide in what he aptly calls terror romanticism, and with true hospitality he houses everything under one roof. To illustrate with the most conspicuous digression, he includes a 20,000-word biographical sketch of Lewis, introduced with little regard for proportion—incidentally, the best biography of this strange figure that has ever appeared.

Again like the medieval castles beloved of Walpole and his successors, Mr. Railo's structure is equipped with underground passageways that terminate in surprising places. At the end of several one finds oneself in the Shakespearean chamber. The theory that Gothic romances were an outgrowth of Elizabethan drama is not new; it is defensible, and one has little trouble seeing a probable connection between the haunted castle of Elsinore and the haunted castle of Otranto. But when Mr. Railo selects Hamlet as ancestor of the somber and mysterious hero-villains of the terror school, at least one reader is beset by skepticism.

The REAL Arabian Nights



The Full, UNEXPURGATED Mardrus-Mathers Translation

AT last, a translator of the *Arabian Nights* has left it for English readers to decide for themselves whether these wondrous Oriental tales are *too* charged with life and passion, *too* exotic for Occidental eyes.

Here for the first time in English are the gorgeous stories of "The Thousand and One Nights" in all their unblushing frankness, in their full original splendor. Other versions seem childish or pedantic in comparison with the Mardrus-Mathers translation. Far from finding it revolting, British critics and the English press have given it their highest praise. Said the London *Times:* "For artistic presentment the abhorred shears are unnecessary."

Only a Few Sets Available

4,000 pages of text are necessary to depict *all* of these Eastern love epics. Here are the *real* Arabian Nights with no intervening censor to decide *which* stories you can read or *how* they should be phrased.

Superbly printed on beautiful rag paper. Frontispieces in four colors from Persian illuminations. Bound in 8 vols.

A very few sets of the edition remain unsold. No plates of this work exist. When the few remaining sets are sold, no more will be available. Your opportunity to own these books is limited to a very short time. *Mail the coupon now for descriptive brochure.*

DINGWALL-ROCK, LTD., Dept. 14
45 West 45th St. New York City

DINGWALL-ROCK, LTD., Dept. 14, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: Without obligation or cost to me, kindly forward information in detail about *The Real Arabian Nights.*

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Most of Mr. Railo's subterranean ramifications lead forward rather than back, and here in particular the book is of distinct value. The stage settings, themes, and characters of the eighteenth-century romanticists are traced through Scott, Southey, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, and others, and considerable light is thrown in dark places. The author has a good deal to say about the Byronic hero, whom he represents as a personal adaptation of the conventional tyrant, descending through Scott from Walpole, Radcliffe, and Lewis, rather than merely as a projection of Byron's own rebellious nature. Taking up the incest theme in this connection, Mr. Railo shows that it was a popular motive with the terror romanticists, and argues that Byron got the idea from them rather than from his own private life. Clearly this does not disprove Byron's guilt, but at least it pretty well destroys the evidence of the poems.

It is not so easy to follow our author when he asserts that Shelley's visionary heroes spring from the young romantic heroes of the terror tales. Here we seem to see more of Shelley than of the Gothic novelists. Nevertheless, Mr. Railo's belief that Southey and Landor, taking this type from the romances, so expanded and elevated it as to prepare it for Shelly's use should not be dismissed too lightly.

It is impossible here to convey an adequate notion of the range and richness of this occasionally disputable, always stimulating book.

ORAL SUMNER COAD

Negro Portraiture

Portraits in Color. By Mary White Ovington. The Viking Press. $2.

TWENTY biographical portraits of Negroes of contemporary note, drawn as the author says "from life," present a fair sample of so-called race achievement, and to those whose main approach to Negro life is the philanthropic, or for whom the "exhibit A" is necessary, this book will accordingly serve a very useful and enlightening purpose. The life stories of outstanding artists, poets, scientists, educators, publicists, and social reformers of conservative, liberal, and radical persuasion are truthfully and zealously told, and the sketches have been carefully and conscientiously drawn, but we must remember that after all it is prejudice which has made such books necessary and that an inevitable counter-attitude gives missionary coloring to the portraiture. Indeed the background of the entire gallery is the author's own twenty-odd years of active and generous participation in "race work," that is to say, uplift social work and propaganda in the interests of equal rights and opportunity for Negroes in America. While we have this to thank for Miss Ovington's familiarity with her subject and deep human interest in it, the dominant impression of the whole book is too much that of the object lesson, shading off at times into the stereotyped "success story."

It is the type more than the individual instance to which it seems proper to take exception—for indeed the book is the best and most humanly drawn of all in its class—but it becomes more and more a question now whether this moralistic approach and partisan zeal is any longer just and proper to the best treatment of Negro life, and whether a truer or at least more convincing picture cannot be made against another background.

The time has arrived, I believe, for measuring Negro achievement not in terms of its melodramatic conflicts and handicaps but realistically and objectively; and for its story, whether told from the inside or outside, to be free from cant and compassion, self-pity and pose. The human as well as the racial values in Negro portraiture, for final artistic effect, demand more concrete atmosphere and less of the played-up and artificial lighting of the studio. That type of portraiture seems in fact already to be out-moded.

ALAIN LOCKE

Fiction Shorts

Strangers and Lovers. By Edwin Granberry. The Macaulay Company. $2.

An interesting and promising second novel which is a considerable advance over Mr. Granberry's first attempt, "The Ancient Hunger." The present volume is a sort of idyl with the primitive Florida prairie as a background and a simplified set of characters describing rather overfamiliar patterns of love and jealousy upon it. Mr. Granberry's chief gifts are the less important ones: an uncanny sense of natural atmosphere and dexterity in the use of dialect. If he can develop beyond his bare emotional scheme and refrain from depending on melodrama to help out what is essentially a static plot his next production should be distinctly worth reading. The evident sincerity with which he writes has caused him to be overpraised however.

Martin Schüler. By Romer Wilson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This is a welcome reissue of Miss Wilson's first and perhaps finest work in fiction. As a study of musical genius, the morose and romantically surly type, it will probably remain unsurpassed. Miss Wilson's great gift is an ability to suggest the mystic sources of genius without making her hero indulge in rhetoric. No matter how noble inspired people may be in real life they have a tendency to become ridiculous when placed between book covers. Somehow Miss Wilson's Martin Schüler is at once terrific and curiously dignified.

Perversity. By Francis Carco. Pascal Covici. $2.50.

A lean and ugly bit of naturalism, done in the pseudo-Flaubert manner, dealing with the brutalities of Apache sexual life and the one emotion which Carco is always able to delineate—craven and hysterical fear. Despite Ford Madox Ford's generous laudation, this book is not half as powerful as its author's "L'Homme Traqué"; but it is distinctly worth reading if only for the genuineness of its prostitutes.

C. P. F.

China Books in Brief

China: A Nation in Evolution. By Paul Monroe. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

Professor Monroe is calm and sane; he steers a middle course. He makes no attempt to reflect the hot turmoil of current China, but he points a cool and analytic finger at some of her abscesses. He seems to have a teacher's hope that the rising generation might, if only they applied themselves, solve China's problems by achieving "honest and efficient government," but he also reads stern lectures to foreign offices, missionaries, and Shanghai minds.

Whither China? By Scott Nearing. International Publishers. $1.75.

Scott Nearing is as irritating as Upton Sinclair. Both men have touches of genius, and can rise head and shoulders above the competent little men who flood their fields; and both tumble into puerilities. "Whither China?" has its feet on solid economic ground, and is utterly free from the sentimental adoration of a vanishing past, the purely political bias, and the race prejudice which weaken almost all writing in English upon China. But it ought to dig deeper. Capitalism in China was not invented by the British East India Company; it began, perhaps, two or three thousand years ago, when the early irrigation works, requiring capital for maintenance, put the best Chinese soil into the hands of absentee landlords. The Russian revolution did not give birth to the labor movement in China; Hongkong's striking seamen knew the Golden Gate better than the port of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vladivostok. American missionaries have been as disruptive a force in old China as soviet propagandists. China is too vast, too varied, too chaotic, to fit into some of Mr. Nearing's Moscow-colored schedules; yet "Whither China?" is the most serious attempt in English to understand the economic forces which feed the fire of revolution in China today.

The Chinese Puzzle. By Arthur Ransome. Houghton, Mifflin Company. $2.

Ransome is one of the great international journalists. His experience in Russia has given him a rare understanding of the germinal quality of China's embryonic labor and peasant movements, and his study of The Shanghai Mind is a classic. Like the other chapters in this book, it is the fruit of his 1927 visit to China as correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* and the Baltimore *Sun.*

What's Right with China. By O. D. Rasmussen. Shanghai: The Commercial Press, Ltd. $1.75.

A slashing reply to the current gossip, myth and malice, of the treaty-port foreigners. Mr. Rasmussen writes in much the same spirit as his most passionate antagonists.

China: Where It is Today—and Why! By Thomas F. Millard. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

In the three dangerous years just past no observer on the spot has read the meaning of China's chaos with more consistent intelligence than Thomas Millard. When the New York *Times* dropped him in the midst of the hurlyburly of 1927 it was an international tragedy. His return to China in behalf of the New York *Herald-Tribune* means that the United States has in China a bulwark against the follies of career diplomats and golf attaches. Almost alone in hectic Shanghai Millard kept his head, and his articles, reprinted from the *Times,* the *World, Asia, The Nation,* and the *New Republic* assemble into a book which has a penetrating permanence rare in daily journalism. Millard is political-minded, and he makes some errors of fact; but he always has an intuitive understanding that transcends mere logic. L. S. G.

Drama

The Nation's dramatic critic, Joseph Wood Krutch, has sailed for Europe, where for four months he will study theatrical conditions in Berlin, Moscow, Vienna, Budapest, Paris, and London. During his absence, when no correspondence from Mr. Krutch appears in this column or elsewhere in The Nation, *brief notes on the current plays will be supplied by various members of the staff.*

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Knickerbocker Theater). Mrs. Fiske, Otis Skinner, and Henrietta Crosman in an "all-star" revival. Mr. Skinner's excellent Falstaff is quite the best performance of the evening.

"The Behavior of Mrs. Crane" (Erlanger Theater). Margaret Lawrence in something half-way between farce and problem play.

"Hedda Gabler" (Civic Repertory Theater). Miss Le Gallienne, who celebrates the memory of Ibsen every year, adds this play to her repertory as a gesture for the centenary. J. W. K.

"The Scarlet Fox" (Theater Masque). Willard Mack in a new and entertaining melodrama, celebrating the exploits of the Canadian Mounted Police, which equals his previous performance in "Tiger Rose." R. L.

"The Beggar's Opera" is pleasantly performed at the Forty-eighth Street Theater by an English company. It would have profited much by the touch of a Winthrop Ames. M. G.

□ THEATER □

THE THEATRE GUILD *Presents*

JOHN GOLDEN Theatre, 58th St., East of Broadway Dinner intermission. Eves. only at 5:30

Eugene O'Neill's

"STRANGE INTERLUDE"

REPUBLIC Theatre, West 42nd St. Eves. 8:40 Matinees Wed. and Sat., 2:40

PORGY

A FOLK PLAY

BY DUBOSE AND DOROTHY HEYWARD

THEATRE GUILD ACTING CO. *in*

Week April 2 "MARCO MILLIONS"

Week April 9 "VOLPONE"

GUILD THEATRE, WEST 52nd STREET Matinees Thursday and Saturday

□ LECTURES □

The Community Church

Park Avenue and 34th Street

Sunday, April 8th

EASTER—Special Music

11 A. M.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

"The Scientific Basis of the Immortal Hope"

8 P. M. Community Forum

V. F. CALVERTON and CHARLES FLEISCHER

"Individualism or Communism—Which?

DR. WILL DURANT

in a series of lectures on "Philosophy"

April 12—"Our Changing Morals"
April 19—"The Nature of Love"
April 26—"The Quest of Happiness"

Single Admission 75c

Community Church

34th St. and Park Ave.

LORD DUNSANY

on The Arts and Life

Tuesday, April 17, 8:15 P. M.

Tickets $1.10-$1.65 now at Community Church, 12 Park Ave. (34th St.), Jacob's Ticket Office, 1465 Broadway (42nd St.), Rand School, 7. E. 15th St., and College Drug Store, 115th St. and Broadway.

COMING—JOHN ERSKINE—April 24

Century Forum

□ DEBATE □

FREETHINKERS OF AMERICA

Sunday, April 15th, 3 P. M.

Rumford Hall, 50 East 41st St., New York City

"IS THERE A GOD?"

Yes	No
Rev. Leon Rosser Land	Joseph Lewis

Dr. A. Wakefield Slaten—Chairman

Admission Free

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

Deadlock in India

By G. T. GARRATT

Delhi, February 17

THE decision of the Indian Legislative Assembly to hold aloof from the new Simon Commission marks the end of one phase in what is likely to be a long struggle. At the beginning of February it seemed probable that the Government, with the help of its official bloc, might gain a narrow victory, for many prominent members of the Congress Party had not troubled to come to Delhi, being debarred by their party decision from taking part in the ordinary proceedings. Telegrams were hastily sent to Burma and to the south of India to gather in supporters for Lajpat Rai's resolution, and even then there were certain waverers whose votes were doubtful. That the resolution was finally passed by six votes was partly due to the very ill-advised speech by Lord Birkenhead, the telegraphed version of which reached India a day or so before the debate, and which was marked by that mixture of truculence and condescension which the Indian politician finds so annoying. It was realized at once, even by the British press in India, that a tactical mistake had been made, for a government victory and an offer of cooperation, even if passed against the wishes of the majority of elected members, would have had considerable value. It would have enabled the government to "save face," and also would have furnished opportunity for appointment of the members of the Indian Commission to sit with the Simon Commission.

Meanwhile everything is helping to throw a large section of Hindu Moderates and a small group of Moslems into the arms of the more intransigent type of politician. Probably few people in England realize the significance of this revolt of the Liberals and of those who have tried to work the Reform schemes. Men like Mr. Jayakar, Mr. Jinnah, Mr. Chintamani, and Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru have become the virtual leaders of the boycott movement. This means that the one class of Indian politician with any belief in Western democracy refuses to assist the commission which has to report on the possibility of extending that system in India. Deputations of all kinds will, of course, appear before the commission. The one idea which most of them will have in common will be a profound disbelief in the main tenets of English democratic government. Whether they come from European chambers of commerce, from the depressed classes of the South, or from the Sikhs of the Punjab, they will all plead that their interests would not be safe under a Western form of government. At the other extreme there are many who will not appear before the commission, but who think that nothing good can come from England, and that no constitution imposed from the outside can be acceptable. Dyarchy gave India the first glimpse of the democratic machine and this first glimpse was not impressive. If we are to go on with the experiment, then it is essential to get the support of those men who have watched the working of the machine from the inside and who still believe in it.

The attitude of the Indian Moderates may seem unreasonable in England, but is very easy to understand in India. Just as in the early days of the war many young soldiers lost their lives because they could not realize that fighting was a serious and entirely ruthless business, so our English politicians err because they look upon Indian nationalism as an ordinary political movement, occupying the same sort of place in the life of educated Indians as party politics might take in English middle-class life. Every Indian Moderate has had at times to face something like social ostracism. Nearly all of them are "English-educated" men, belonging to the professional classes. Their friends and relations are usually keen nationalists, and whenever political feeling runs high, every kind of indirect pressure is put upon the Liberals to persuade them to give up their middle course. They are told that they are being merely used by the English, who will drop them whenever it is convenient to do so. They are accused of "place-hunting," and of physical and moral cowardice. It is not pleasant to be classed with Mr. Hold-the-world, Mr. Money-love, and Mr. Save-all, or to hear Mr. Gandhi's taunt: "I fear we will have to admit that moneyed men support British rule; their interest is bound up with its stability." The Liberals, more than any other class, needed to be treated carefully and tactfully by the British. Their leaders are sincere men with a strong bias in favor of constitutional methods and some admiration for certain aspects of Western civilization. Yet for the last two years the British have sought neither their advice nor their help, and when they take up an independent line of their own they are taunted with being mere politicians.

The British seem to be repeating today the error they made before the war, when they adopted a mildly patronizing attitude toward Mr. G. K. Gokhale and his Moderate Party. They must try and find some political friends in India, and not trust to a few reactionary landlords and to the great force of inertia. The idea of "appealing to the silent masses of India" seems to fascinate Conservative politicians, but it is an exceedingly dangerous game at which two can play, and at which the Imperial Government is not likely to be very successful. All the best cards are in the hands of the extremists. They control the vernacular press which alone penetrates into the villages. The village priest and the village schoolmaster are usually of their persuasion. They have at their disposal thousands of enthusiastic students who are prepared to go out and preach in the districts. The Government has only its officials, who are poor propagandists, and, if Indian, often have strong nationalist sympathies. The elections, which have been held under the Reform Scheme, have led the more advanced politicians to set up some rough machinery for reaching the country districts. Even in the areas where communal feeling runs highest it would be as well not to trust too much to the "loyalty" of the villages. The Punjab is such an area, and it is also the most prosperous agricultural province in India, but it is only eight years since the Jallianwalla Bagh massacre, and the Akali troubles are still more recent.

There is, fortunately, plenty of time to make a fresh start. The Simon Commission has not to report till 1930, and the collection of evidence is not a matter of great importance. Every official knows that nearly all the evidence which any human commission could possibly assim-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS JEWISH SOCIAL WORK DIFFERENT FROM GENERAL SOCIAL WORK? ". . . Jewish social work . . . requires not only a thorough knowledge of the general principles underlying social work, but also adequate knowledge of Jewish cultural background . . ." (See Pamphlet, p. 3).

The Training School for Jewish Social Work

Offers a fifteen months' course of graduate study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

Several scholarships and fellowships ranging from $250 to $1500 are available for especially qualified students.

The regular course begins July 9th, 1928.

April 30th is the last day for filing application for the maintenance fellowships.

For information, address The Director

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

210 WEST 91ST STREET NEW YORK CITY

INSTITUTE OF WORLD UNITY

"Creating the New World Outlook"

Green Acre, Eliot, Maine

LECTURE COURSES

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS, Ph.D. of Princeton
July 30-August 3
Five lectures on *"The World Today in Terms of World Unity"*

FRANK HAMILTON HANKINS, Ph.D. of Smith College
August 6-10
Five lectures on *"Racial Differences and International Harmony"*

EDWIN ARTHUR BURTT, Ph.D. of University of Chicago
August 13-17
Five lectures on *"Science, Philosophy and Religion"*

NATHANIEL SCHMIDT, Ph.D. of Cornell University
August 20-24
Five lectures on *"The Evolution of Religion"*

Terms

4 courses $20 1 course $5 Single lecture $1.50

INSTITUTE OF WORLD UNITY

The purpose of the Institute is to promote consideration of the new viewpoints and principles accepted by responsible scholars in history, science, philosophy and religion, especially those which create a real basis for faith in the capacities of humanity to achieve the spirit of unity and co-operation in all that pertains to the vital interests of mankind.

The site is noted for its remarkable natural beauty and healthfulness. Two hundred acres, Inn, cottages, community house, library, arts and crafts studio, theatre, dormitories and camps. Bathing, boating, tennis, golf, etc.

Accommodations at reasonable rates.

Send for Prospectus today.

INSTITUTE OF WORLD UNITY
4 East 12th Street, New York City

The DEBUNKING Magazine Haldeman-Julius MONTHLY

A sham-smashing, iconoclastic magazine, published every month, each issue containing 128 pages; 5½ x 8½ inches in size; 20-25 articles; 75,000 debunking words; humor, satire and candid opinion—lively, interesting reading aimed at bigotry, hypocrisy and intolerance. There is no other magazine like it—read these contents and see for yourself:

Sham-Smashing Contents for MAY, 1928

The Notorious Sacco-Vanzetti Case, by W. P. Norwin.
Moulders of Modern American Thought, by T. Swann Harding.
How I Went to the Devil, by Clay Fulks.
Small-Town Gossips and Their Ways, by E. Haldeman-Julius.
"I'm a School Teacher, But Don't Tell Anybody," by Wm. Cunningham.
How to Grab Publicity, by Sanford Jarrell.
Glenn Frank and Free Speech, by E. Haldeman-Julius.
The Nan Britton-President Harding Affair, by E. W. Howe.
When the K. K. K. Invaded the High Schools of Kansas, by L. N. Hatfield.
Are Americans Afraid of Sex? by E. Haldeman-Julius.
The Facts About President Harding and Nan Britton, by Isaac Goldberg.
The Truth About the Tobacco Habit, by T. Swann Harding.
Address of a Southern Candidate for Governor, by Sanford Jarrell.
Are You a Liberal? by George Saville.
The Case for Science, by E. Haldeman-Julius.
Grandees of Puzzledom, by Fred Bair.
Correcting the Plebs, by R. T. Griebling.
And Other Articles.

LOW COST: Only $1.50 for a Year (12 issues)

Subscribe to this magazine by filling out the blank below and mailing it with $1.50 ($2.00 Canada and Foreign). In addition to a year's subscription to the Haldeman-Julius Monthly at this remarkably low price, we will send you "Studies in Rationalism," a 128-page book by E. Haldeman-Julius, FREE, postpaid. This book gives you an insight into the editorial personality behind this debunking magazine.

An Important Series SACCO-VANZETTI

This May issue, as you noted above, contains an important article on "The Notorious Sacco-Vanzetti Case." This is the first of a series of six articles, written by a Harvard man, comprising the first candid summary and analysis of the case since the execution of the principals. Subscribe now and be sure of this entire series.

USE THIS BLANK

Haldeman-Julius Publications,
Dept. M-54, Girard, Kansas.
Enclosed find $1.50 ($2.00 Canada and Foreign) for which send me the Haldeman-Julius Monthly for a year. Send me also "Studies in Rationalism" FREE.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

ARE WE BARBARIANS IN MUSIC?

Why do men shirk opera? How can piano study be improved? Can a worn voice be restored by natural methods? These and other vital questions candidly answered in *Singing* and *Playing:* the human magazine of musical life.

Helpful, "meaty," entertaining material. Free, independent discussion.

Special: Twelve months and two vital extra numbers, $3; 2 years, $5; trial 3 months, $1; sample copies, 35c.

Alfred Human, Editor, SINGING and PLAYING
111 W. 57th St. (Steinway Hall) New York

The Intellect Is Organizing

Those, whom that concerns, are advised to read the "Crillon" article in the "Intellect Quarterly." Write for copy to: Box 734, Fort Myers, Fla., enclosing 10c in stamps for printing and mailing.

BARUKH JONAS

THE ANCIENT LOWLY—by C. Osborne Ward

brings home in a vivid and fascinating manner the hopes, aspirations and sufferings of the workers of old. It is a realistic picture of the daily life of the slave class which performed the useful labor within the Roman Empire. A monumental book based on a life-time of diligent research. Early Christianity, the author shows, was the cult of slaves. New edition now ready. $5.00 postpaid.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS Direct from the Makers at Manufacturer's Price
Suit Lengths Cut to Order. Postage Paid.
NEWALL, 159 Stornoway, Scotland. Write for patterns stating shades desired

Have You a House to Rent for the Summer?

Here are excerpts from some of the advertisements that appeared last year in *The Nation:*

"New house, beautifully furnished, 8 large rooms, 2 baths, garage, fireplace; Kelvinator; electric washer; piano; radio."

"4-room country cottage, water in house, fireplace, one-car garage; 2, 3 or 4 adults, unusual charm, friendly neighbors, writers, painters, etc."

This may be suggestive to you in advertising your house to rent. Rates on request. *The Nation,* Dept. A, New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ilate is already in existence and in print. The chief work of the commission is to establish some kind of contact with such elements in Indian public life as are prepared to co-operate. So far they have singularly failed to do this, but during the months which elapse between their return to England in April and their autumn visit to India it should be possible to think out a new line of attack, and to make that preliminary reconnaissance which will insure some measure of success. The important factor is the existence in India of a number of influential nationalists whose mental outlook is much the same as that of the nineteenth-century Liberal. They are nearly all men of considerable private means, and are not open to the meaner forms of corruption to which the British government sometimes stoops. They have a keen sense of their own dignity, which has been enhanced by many years of contact with a race not especially noted for its social tact. They were very badly handled by the Viceroy during the summer of 1927, and are now determined to fight for the idea of "equality of status," a phrase redolent of old-fashioned liberalism. As they expect little from a commission which has begun its work so inauspiciously, they will stand out firmly for this principle, and if the British are to get any help from them this feeling must be met. It should not be impossible to do this, for the Moderates accept the view that the new constitution must be passed by the houses of Parliament. They only insist that there must be no racial distinction during the preliminary inquiries. The letter which Sir John Simon addressed to the Viceroy did not satisfy this condition, especially as it made clear that certain important evidence would be heard in camera. The Liberals, therefore, rejected the offer immediately, not because they are determined to refuse their cooperation, but because the party has decided upon its policy, and its leaders are not prepared to modify this main principle. If England had sufficient imagination to understand all that lies behind the demand for equality, she would, perhaps, be less willing to assume that the demand is only a move in a political game.

Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE WARD STOCKING is professor of economics at the University of Texas and an editor of the *Southwestern Political and Social Science Quarterly*.

CARLETON BEALS, the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino, has recently returned to Mexico City from Nicaragua.

LIVINGSTON MACDONALD is the pen-name of an American journalist now living in Paris.

KWEI CHEN is a student at the University of Nebraska.

ELISEO VIVAS is in the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

LORINE PRUETTE is author of "Women and Leisure: A Study in Social Waste."

WILLIAM SEAGLE is a New York lawyer who has contributed to the *American Mercury*, the *New Republic*, and other periodicals.

ORAL SUMNER COAD is professor of English at Rutgers College.

ALAIN LOCKE is editor of *The New Negro*.

G. T. GARRATT, formerly member of the Indian Civil Service, is on the executive committee of the Indian Information Center, London.

S U M M E R

SUMMER PLACES FOR RENT

Unique and ideal retreat!

Several unusual studio bungalows for rent in artistic intellectual colony at WESTPORT, CONN. Large living room, open fireplace, outdoor and indoor bedrooms, complete kitchen and bathroom, hot, cold water, large sleeping porches. Furnished artistically. Interesting social life. Swimming pool and tennis court on property. Sound bathing nearby. Convenient commutation from Grand Central. Stonybrook Colony.
Tel. Watkins 2652 13 Charles St.

CAPE COD—Accessible but quiet village, ten minutes from bathing beach. Small attractively furnished cottage, two bedrooms, living room, kitchen, bathroom, screened porch overlooking flower garden. Adults. Box 608, % *The Nation*.

FOR RENT—In a secluded byway of the Westchester County Lake District, a few attractively furnished camps and cottages, in a hillside orchard and swimming pool. Apply R. Underhill, Amawalk, N. Y. Phone Yorktown 140.

FOR families of refinement, two country houses, furnished, roomy, charming, on old estate, 90 miles New York. Rent separately. Woods. Mountains. Swimming, Plumbing. Phone White Plains 2793 J, evenings. Address R. Fuller, R.F.D. 1, White Plains, N. Y.

RESORTS

Manhattan Beach Hotel, N. Y.
LIVE in a modern, fireproof hotel by the seashore, for less than in the crowded city. $12 per week for two; homelike comforts; outdoor sports; maid, valet and telephone service; 17 minutes from Times Sq., B M T. (Brighton Beach Station.) Phone Sheepshead 3000.

FOR quiet, rest, hiking in beautiful country, wholesome food, 1½ hours from Grand Central. $25 per week. Hil-Bert House.
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.
H. Friedberg, Prop. *Tel. Mahopac 153*

CAMPS

Covered Wagon-Pioneer Trails
Boys' Camp
Lake Averill, Vermont.
Trips taking in Canada, Mountain climbing, under director who has been in boys' work almost thirty years. Address: H. V. Kudlich, Dedham, Mass.

CAMP OWAISSA FOR GIRLS
Near Craigsmoor in the Schwangunk Mountains.
THE place to develop a healthy mind and body. Season $200. Booklet. Lide Geilhard Goldsmith, Box 677, Ellenville, N. Y.

Friendship Farm
Stony Hill, near Danbury, Conn.
A Summer Play School for eighteen children between two and nine years. Guided play activities stimulate creative impulses and develop both individual initiative and social cooperation.
Continuous attention paid to every detail of the physical welfare of each child.
Recommended by
Dr. John B. Watson, Dr. Everett Dean Martin, Dr. Vernon M. Cady, Mr. Charles F. Powlison, Mr. Rowland C. Sheldon, Miss Margaret Naumburg, Miss Fola La Follette,
MRS. HORACE M. KALLEN, Director
265 West 81st Street, New York City
Telephone Trafalgar 3483

BACK LOG CAMP, INC. *Est 1896*
A Camp for adults and families, on Indian Lake, in the Adirondacks.
Without radio or dance floor; situated in a great tract of uncleared forest, 30 miles from a railroad, and 15 miles from a store.
Free use of canoes; swimming, fishing, hiking, and all that; and—
Good food and comfortable living, in tents, in the home Camp; and a perpetual variety of trips, for three hours or three days, by land or water, almost wherever you want to go, without extra charge.
An advertisement can't tell the story—send for the booklet.
Mrs. Bertha Brown Lambert, 272 Park Ave., Takoma Park, Md.

Other Resorts and Tours on next page

In the BLUE MOUNTAIN REGION of WESTCHESTER COUNTY between CROTON-ON-HUDSON and PEEKSKILL, N. Y. within COMMUTING DISTANCE
WHAT A PLEASANT SITE for BUNGALOWS and TENTS!!!
Special RATES to Clubs and Organizations.
Inquire at CAMP AS—ER, Furnace Wood Road.
PEEKSKILL, N. Y. Tel. PEEKSKILL 1403.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED